The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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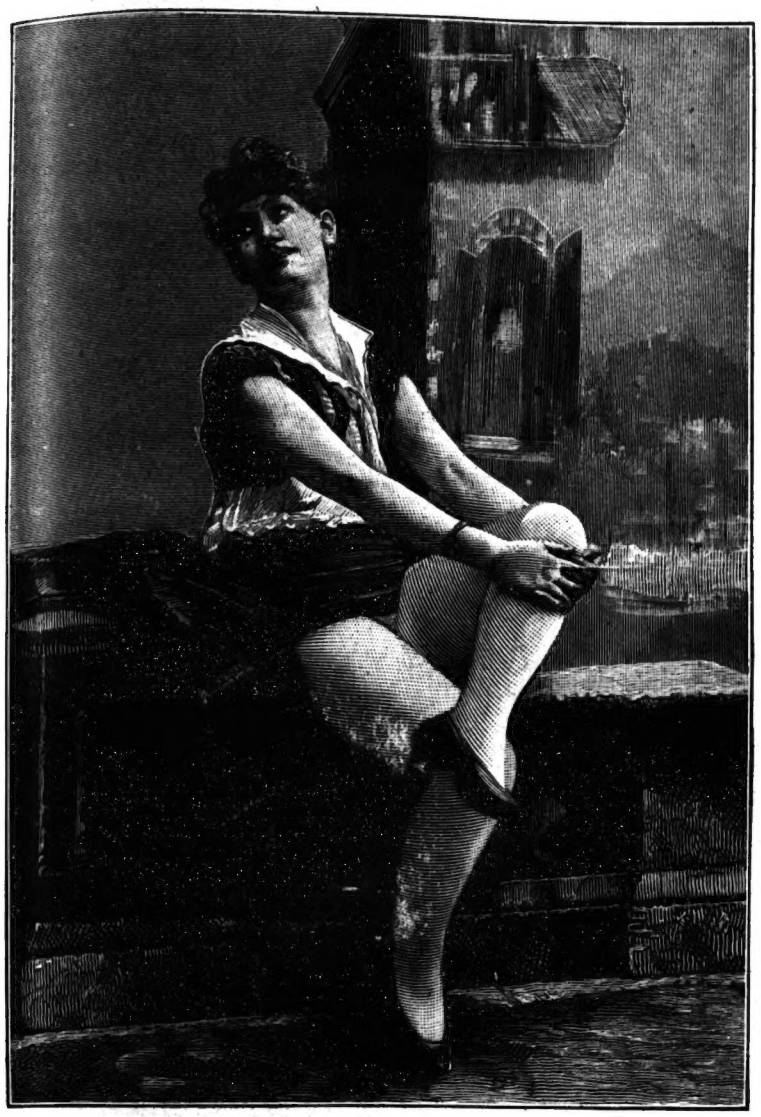
BATHING SUITS NOT INTENDED FOR WATER.

Maidens who Enjoy Lolling about the Sands Without Breasting the Surf.

FRUIT PICKERS RESENT AN INSULT.
Two Girls with a Man's Head between two Fence Rails.

THEY STRIP HIM OF HIS GOLD.
A Trio of Miners Find a Miser Dead in his Hut and Capture a Large Sum of Money.



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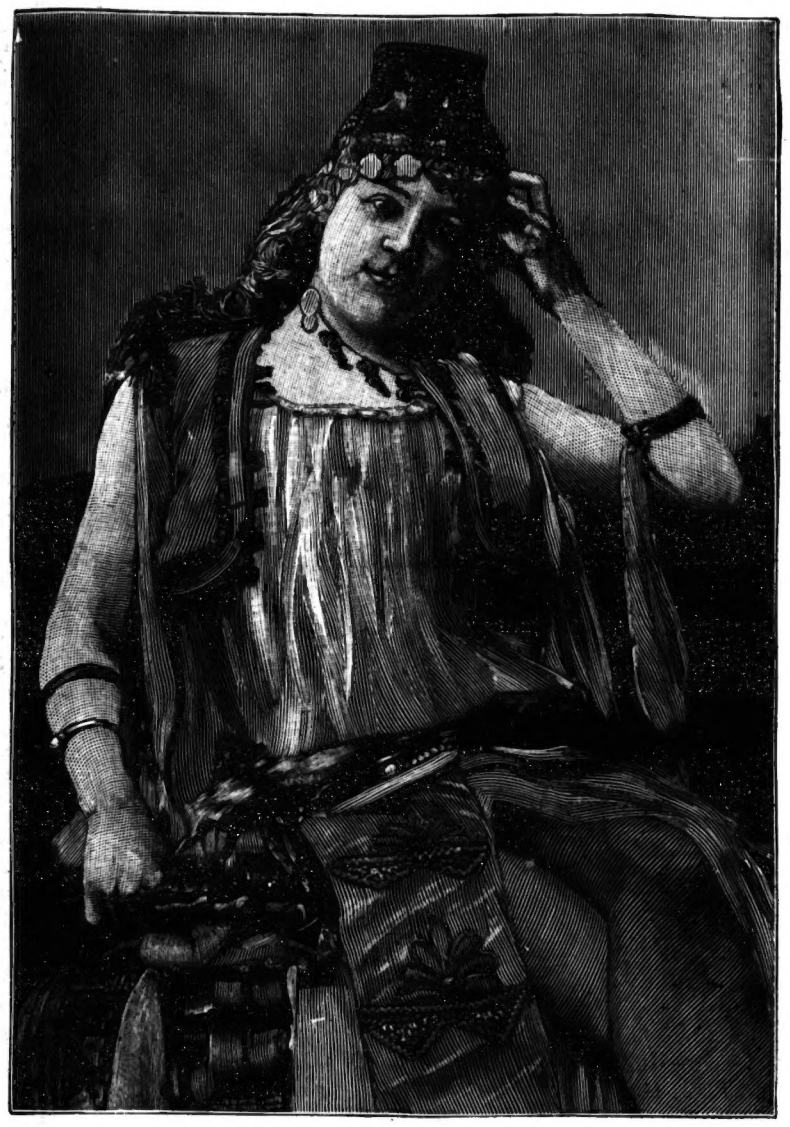

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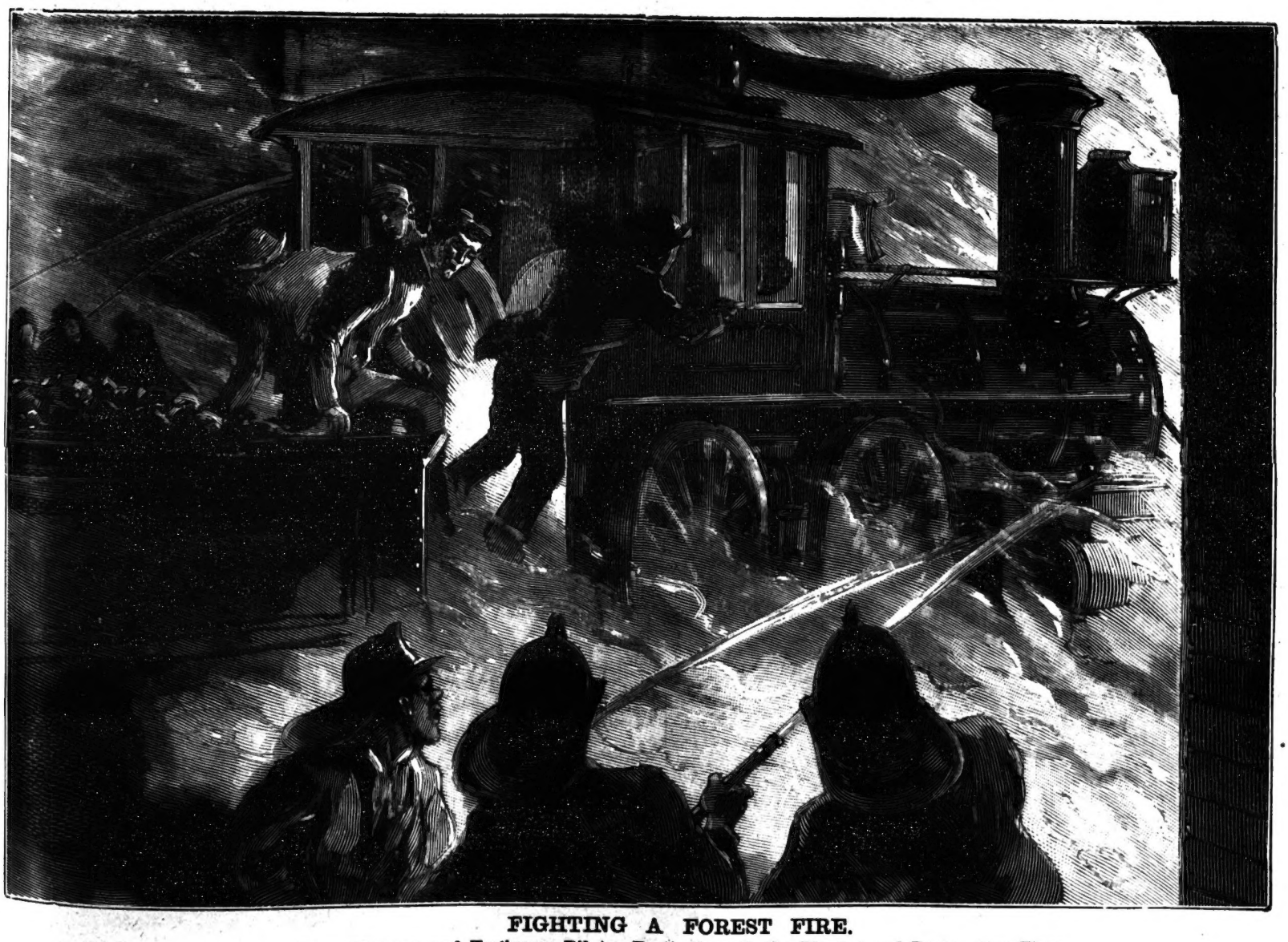
A Pretty American Actress who has Scored Success in Burlesque and Light Opera.



FIGHTING A FOREST FIRE.
Brave Firemen and Engineers Pilot a Train through the Blazing and Destructive Fires.

HE GAVE UP THE MONEY.—Many stories reach us from time to time regarding Yankee sprinters and how they "milk" the public of money, but seldom do we receive information of a self-advertised promoter of running indulging in suspicious movements. The other day we received a letter from Denver, Colorado, which says:—

"We have a man in this country who poses as a promoter of sprinting, and took several men to England some years back to contend in Sheffield handicaps. His first move was to present Steve Farrell to the British public as E. Donovan, and so clever did he consider the stroke that he deemed it good judgment to inform countless numbers as to how he was duping the public. Sheffielders are not the kind to be easily taken in by Yankees; therefore when Farrell came out a winner but little money was made over the result. Two years back this same man planted Ed. Fanning at Indianola, Nebraska, with friends, and when it looked as though Fanning would be well backed Jack Doyle was planted in a town close by, and a race was made to run 100 yards between Fanning and Doyle, both handled by the same man, for 500dols. a-side. J. A. Sheridan was made stakeholder, with a view to inducing him to return the money posted in order to use the same in wagering against those who thought well of Fanning. As the time drew nigh the manipulator of sprinters lost courage, and approached one H. C. Gordon, of Quick, Nebraska, to aid him in his scheme. Gordon produced James McCling, a frontiersman in search of soft money, who supplied the requisite funds. Doyle won, and the manipulator drew down the 1,000 dollars; he then set out on a task to cover a homeward journey of 1,800 miles on foot. Gordon became suspicious of the manager's mysterious disappearance, and acquainting McCling with his views, the latter mounted a horse, and was soon in pursuit. Some four miles from town McCling overtook the fleeing manager plodding along the railway ties, and,

Presenting a Revolver.

ordered the faint-hearted schemer to stand and deliver up the thousand dollars. The Eastern man protested that the money was left under the bed at the hotel, but his argument failed to hold water. Finding McCling proposed to kill if the money was not forthcoming, he readily produced a roll of bank notes and pleaded for his miserable life, that it might be saved. Both then returned to town and the first Eastward-bound train found a passenger in the manipulator who frequently tells how he had a close call for his life in the West and the bold front he presented when a revolver was stuck under his nose. It is this selfsame individual who poses as the only reliable handicapper in the United States. Can the British public realise why foot handicaps are not popular here when they become familiar with the type who promote them?"

— That Jack Randall, the Irish Lad, has gone to America with Darkey Baker, and they will be managed by Peter Maher.

— That Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, has secured his training outfit of Mr. J. Grose, of Old Jewry, and is now in active preparation for his battle.

— That Ned Flynn will open the Kilburn Gymnasium, September 24, for the coming season, when interesting glove contests will be decided there.

— That Blucher Harris and Jack Marney are to box the best of fifteen rounds for a purse on the opening night at the Kilburn Gymnasium.

— That Tom Cannon, the wrestler, and Cyclops, the strong man, have been exhibiting at Belle Vue, Douglas, Isle of Man.

— That Sam Thomas, alias Butcher, of Pontypridd, and W. Lines are to box twenty rounds for £25 a-side and a purse at the National Sporting Club, October 8.

— That at Blackpool James Finney, the swimmer, defeated W. Ashworth in a 100 yards foot race.

— That the Public Baths, Woolwich, were crowded to excess on the occasion of a swimming entertainment in aid of the Woolwich Parochial Almshouses. J. H. Tyers, of the Osborne Club, Manchester, and amateur champion at all distances, finished second from scratch in his heat of the 200 Yards Handicap, and established a record of 2min 30 2-5sec for that distance, whereby he secured a special prize. He did not turn out for the final, however, which was won by S. J. Lyon, of Brighton, 40sec start, in 3min 10 4-5sec. W. Brickett, of Zephyr S.C., 26sec start, was second, two yards behind.

— That J. H. Tyers celebrated his eighteenth birthday September 11. Tyers's career as a swimmer has, indeed, been phenomenal. For two years in succession he has won every championship from 100 yards to five and a half miles, and in five years he has secured upwards of 250 prizes.

— That Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, will be in the best of condition when he meets John O'Brien at the National Sporting Club, October 8.

— That Harry Greenfield and Tom Causer are matched to box twenty rounds for a purse. The men are not to exceed 9st each in weight.

— That Barney Hyams will not talk fight with Jem Verrall until October.

— That George Corfield, the Sheffield wonder, has convinced the talent that he is the best lad in the world at his weight.

— That THE MIRROR OF LIFE gives you more interesting sporting news than any illustrated paper published.

— That Joe Knowles, the veteran Birmingham trainer of pugilists, has taken possession of the Wheatsheaf, Coleshill, and will induce fighters to make that resort their training quarters.

— That Harry Overton is training at the Wheatsheaf, Coleshill, under the mentorship of Billy Argyle, and Tom Woolley is taking his breathings at Worfield, near Bridgnorth.

— That Bob Fitzsimmons feels confident of defeating Dan Creedon, at New Orleans, September 27, and contemplates making it interesting for Jim Corbett.

— That Peter Maher, the Dublin heavyweight, is about to make a tour of the States with a variety troupe, and among the boxing talent he will have Jerry Marshall, the black, Joe McGrath, and Peter Lowery, all clever little 'uns.

— That Joe Dougherty, an Irish pugilist, has gone to the States to look for a fight. He is 6ft 2in tall, weighs 14st 4lb, and claims to have beaten, in glove contests, Alf Brown, two rounds; Jem Sullivan, one round; Jem Doherty, one round; Bob O'Hara, two rounds; and Gus Lambert, one round.

— That Jack Everhardt, the Crescent City light-weight, who knocked out Stanton Abbott in 25 rounds, promises to give the Englishman another chance. Everhardt says that as some people claim he repestedly fouled Abbott, and did not beat him fairly, he will fight him again before any reputable club that will offer a suitable purse.

— That in THE MIRROR OF LIFE you will find gossip about all the prominent pugilists, sporting events, and accurate portraits of men whom you often read about and seldom see.

— That Jem Hall and Joe Choynski have been offered a purse of 2000 dollars to fight 25 rounds at the Auditorium Club, New Orleans, but both men demand considerably more than that sum.

— That Captain Walter Johnston, Royal Irish, champion heavy-weight boxer of the British Army, is quartered at Portumna, County Galway, and is a decided favourite with the people there.

— That Peter Jackson denies that he has split with his manager, Parson Davies.

— That Curzon Hall, Birmingham, will be the venue of the twelve round contest between Harry Overton and Tom Woolley, set for decision October 1.

— That Parson Davies proposes to conduct a series of boxing contests in Chicago during the coming season, whilst Peter Jackson will visit his home in Cuba, and then come here for a trip.

FRUIT-PICKERS RESENT AN INSULT.

A Masher is Severely Handled by Two of the Fruit-pickers in Kent.

(Subject of Illustration.)

IN Kent the fruit traffic continues to be unusually heavy. It is calculated that from Sittingbourne, which is the centre of the Kent fruit-growing district, about 1,000 tons of fruit, principally plums, have been consigned to London and the North. The chief centres to which this crop is being sent are London, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Liverpool, Bradford, Manchester, Newcastle, and Guernsey. The Kentish jam manufacturers are taking advantage of the glut of plums and are preserving immense quantities, expecting thus to get better prices for the yield. Owing to the hop picking clashing with the fruit gathering, both harvests being unusually late, growers have experienced great difficulty in getting sufficient hands to do the work. Many London unemployed go there in order to enjoy a vacation and earn enough to pay actual expenses. Their mind is more upon the females than their work, and they devote much time to love making. One of the characters in a stroll out with two of the female workers made use of language they took exception to, and securing his head between two rails of a fence they sat upon the top one, nearly strangling the miscreant. It was only through the timely arrival of a pal that he was released from his position.

BATHING SUITS NOT INTENDED FOR WATER.

Maidens who Enjoy Lolling About the Sands Without Breasting the Surf.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THOSE who don't frequent watering places little dream that not one in a hundred of the bathing costumes made ever get fairly saturated with salt water, because the colours are not fast, and when wet will run, and present a deplorable sight. Let a close observer visit any of the seaside resorts, and he will readily perceive young ladies lolling about the sands, who never breast the surf, but merely enjoy the cool breezes from the ocean, at the same time displaying themselves in all their loveliness. The siren of the sands will devote as much attention to arranging her costume as she would in preparing for the ball-room, and the uninitiated frequently are fascinated by gaudy attire; and the very damsel they admire in the bathing costume will sometimes present only passable appearance in street attire.

SHE HAD TAKEN A DROP TOO MUCH.

The Predicament in which a Railway Guard Found a Young Lady in a Station in the North.

(Subject of Illustration.)

PEOPLE who permit liquor to get the best of them are frequently led to do ridiculous things. They are inclined to be either funny or seek trouble. When an express trained steamed into a station in the North recently the guard stopped at the various compartments to collect tickets, and, to his surprise, in a first-class carriage he saw a pretty young woman fast asleep, partly dressed. It appears that when she entered the carriage in a London station she was the worse off for liquor, and no doubt she was under the impression that, upon entering the carriage, she was in her own apartments, and disrobed of the greater portion of her attire. When roused by the guard, and her situation was explained, she rapidly caused a transformation in her toilet, and appeared greatly humiliated when leaving the station on reaching her destination.

ENGLISH JOCKEYS IN AMERICA.

* SOMEHOW or other English jockeys who try their fortune in America very rarely gain either fame or fortune by the venture. A notable exception to this almost invariable rule, however, is the veteran "Billy" Hayward, who left these shores some quarter of a century ago for the land of dimes and dollars. For twenty years and more Hayward commanded all the mounts he cared to accept, and most of the big events on the other side have at some time or other fallen to his share. The last great victory scored by this "grand old man" of the pigskin was when, two seasons ago, he steered Frank Van Ness's colt Morello to victory in the Futurity at the Sheepshead Bay track. The victory was a most sensational one, as Morello was originally purchased at one of the annual sales of the Doswell yearlings for the bagatelle of one hundred dollars. And yet, in the one race referred to above, "Billy" Hayward landed the son of Æolus an easy winner of a stake worth only a trifle less than £12,000.

* * *

J. E. TOMLINSON, at present at Newmarket, and whose most recent engagement was to don the colours of Prince Soltykoff, tried America a few years ago, but ill-luck seemed to pursue this honest and capable jockey throughout the two seasons he rode in the States, the only notable victory he achieved being gained in an Englishman's colours, one Ridgway Griffith, for whom he won the big Elwyn Grand Steeplechase on Lothair, a son of Longfellow, to the consternation of the general body of backers and the utter demoralisation of the bookmakers. He started at 40 to 1.

* * *

GEORGE TAYLOR and Fred Day, who went out to ride over the water some five years ago, for a time did well, but Day, after landing the Futurity on Chaos four years ago, has now dropped altogether out of sight, while Taylor, who for a time carried all before him, is now very rarely seen on the back of a winner. There are, alas! or were until quite recently, several wrecks of English jockeys earning precarious livelihoods by performing the most menial work around the training stables in the vicinity of New York. Drink and riotous living are, however, wholly accountable for the sad depths of degradation to which Barrell, a popular light-weight in this country less than twenty years ago, and the once famous North-country jockey T. Osborne have descended in the land of the free, and these poor fellows are not alone in their self-sought misery.

EDWIN GILLEY.

The Hustling Advance Agent of Livermore Brothers' Court Minstrels.

(With Portrait.)

As a hustling advance agent Mr. Edwin Gilley would be bad to beat. He has held that position for Messrs. Livermore Brothers' Court Minstrels for upwards of eight years, and has gained for himself a big name whilst on the road. Mr. Gilley was born in Jersey, and springs from a good old Devonshire stock. Notwithstanding several tempting offers held out to him by rival combinations, he elects to stay with the Livermore Brothers, who highly appreciate his efforts in their interest.

LACHIE THOMSON.

A Glasgow Pugilist Now Located in South Africa.

(With Portrait.)

LACHIE THOMPSON, clever 10st pugilist, was born on the banks of Lochfyne, in the Highlands of Argyleshire, in 1866, but took up his residence in Glasgow when a mere lad. He turned his attention to boxing in 1887, and since then he has beaten such men as Albert Pearce, Jack Watson, Ching Ghook, Jack Brierley, Bill Cheese, Alf Hanlon, Ottara, Harry Donnie, Dave Anderson, Arthur Akers; whilst he has been beaten by Dick Burge, Felix Scott, George Holden, Bat Mullins, Jem Burchall, Bill Cheese, and Sid Phillips.

Thomson is in South Africa, where he recently won a battle, and contemplates a visit to the States in the autumn to secure a customer at 10st.

EDWIN ROBERT HARDIE.

A Tonsorial Artist who has Shaved Ten Men in 6 min 40 sec.

(With Portrait.)

EDWIN ROBERT HARDIE, of 124, St. Paul's road, Burdett Road, Bow, is an aspirant for championship honours as a rapid shaver. He boasts of a record of shaving ten men in 6 min. 40 sec., and has signified his intention of contending for THE MIRROR OF LIFE championship trophy.

TURF NOTES.

WARWICK, GREAT YARMOUTH.

WESTERN AYR AND MANCHESTER.

THE PRINCE EDWARD HANDICAP.

THE WEEK'S FINALS.

THE DOUBLE EVENT, CESAREWITCH AND CAMBRIDGESHIRE: OPERA GLASS AND XURY.

THE end of the season is too quickly approaching for those trainers who have not secured the wherewith to refund the outlay of their various patrons, and the market on the Cesarewitch will hardly guide investors in its present condition, who likewise have a balance to find before we reach the last of the autumn handicaps, but, such as it is, those who have befriended Amiable have been content to take the fourteens offered, and Newcourt's adherents have been satisfied with two points more, at which price he closely presses the Duke of Portland's filly. Those who have a quotation amongst the fancied ones are Quilon, Spindle Leg, and Filepa, the latter owned and trained by Goater, who should know exactly what class of animal is wanted for this journey; he generally has a dangerous candidate for the long-distance race at the First Newmarket October Meeting, and before this was successful by the aid of Don Juan in '83, and later with Primrose Day in '89 he again landed the event. If Filepa is a hidden quantity the handicapper has not altogether allowed her to run loose, as was the case with Primrose Day, who, after figuring in a selling race was found good enough to win; Filepa as a three-year-old earned nothing, and her two outings in moderate company hardly point to a handicap performer good enough to follow in the footsteps of her predecessors, but her form must be placed on one side if she is found to be supported by the stable connections. Opera Glass is trained in the same stable as the divider of last year, and is a genuine candidate; a few small commissions have already been advanced, bringing the filly in the quotations to 33's, and on the day a third of these odds will be gladly accepted, should the filly be fortunate enough to see the post; and early acceptors will be on velvet over this one at the fall of the flag.

The racing will again make a busy week, and be continued without a break up to Saturday, when the rich prize in the Prince Edward Handicap should attract a good field, in which La Flèche, who has plenty of weight, heads the list, and is followed by Gangway and Grey Leg, both recent winners. The latter's penalty may put him out of court, although it is the identical burden where he beat my selected Erin last week; but the class here is considerably better, and he may be an absentee. Pot Luck, the recent purchase of Lord Durham, has never attempted anything in such good class as will be found here, and could not catch the judge's notice in stakes valued at two or three hundreds, but those connected with him now are astute, and such good judges that it may be found that this son of Beaudesert and Elsie may have improved; I fancy his chance this time, with Esmond and Cabin Boy in the order written.

This afternoon, at Yarmouth, the chief item is the Welter Handicap, where Verdant Green looks a likely one, and as Opera Glass may be held in reserve for her later engagement, the first-named, who has shown good form this year, may find Quickthorn a troublesome opponent, and between them the issue may rest. Judy may secure, on Tuesday, the Nelson Plate, but with Tickford Abbot may be again down for duty in the Mile Selling Plate, either one should win. Ruwenzori, All Gay, and Lady Mysie may finish in this order for the Yare Handicap; the Epsom form of Fireworks should be good enough to follow when opposed to those entered in the Gorleston Nursery, and I shall couple him with Tyrolean to find the winner. For the Corporation Maiden Plate Full of Fashion may have Barba Rossa and First Fault in the field, and one should win, the first-mentioned for choice.

The Western (Ayr) Meeting commences to-day, and Once More, who knows his way over this course, may again capture the Stewards' Cup. The Nursery should fall to Pinwherry or Dullingham, and Duchess of Westwood will readily account for the Maiden Plate. The Hunters' Flat Race must be left to Four-Poster; and on Thursday Knockabout will win the County Cup; Ritto, Bavelaw Witch, and Lady Isabel are a trio from which the winner should be found for the Juvenile Handicap. The Ayrshire Handicap Plate, Son of a Gun and Progression should be first and be first and second, if sent for this rich stake, and Hank o' Yarn and Acquittal are a likely pair in The Coile Plate. On Friday interest will be centered in the Ayr Gold Cup. The previous running will be the best guide, but in looking in advance the chances of Kilmallock and Tibbie Shiels, with the lightly weighted Pallanza, appears best. Tibbie Shiels, who is doubly engaged, may place one of the events to his credit, possibly this. The rich prizes offered at Manchester will attract good fields, and the meeting is sure to be well attended for the three days. The acceptances to hand for the Lancaster Nursery point to a big field, among which Newsmonger and Fabia will have Bended Knees to oppose them and Royalty will be represented by Coup de Vent, but Fabia will be the best. In the Stamford Welter, Tabret or Colleague and Paddy; Portland and Pilot in the De Trafford Handicap, the first-named will be the pea; Anklebiter and Powerscourt will do for the Peel Park Plate; and Villiers, with a run, the Michaelmas Plate. On Friday, the Palatine Handicap may be won by Totley or Man of Ross, and for the New Barnes Handicap my vote must be split between Xylophone and Gnatbrain. Keelson and Gallow Glass look tempting in the Devonshire Plate, and on Saturday the Gerard Nursery should be a good thing for Santa Catarina; Son and Heir should easily place the Salford Maiden Plate to his credit. For the Oldham Welter, I fancy Old Hoppy or Upsilon; below will be found the selected finals, who, with a run, should be successful:—

WEDNESDAY.

Great Yarmouth Welter,
Verdant Green.

A Mile Selling Handicap,
Tickford Abbot or Judy.

The Yare Handicap,
Ruwenzori.

The Gorleston Nursery,
Fireworks or Tyrolean.

The Corporation Maiden Plate,
First Fault.

Warwick.

The Wellesbourne Nursery,
Flore or Tyrian.

The Warwick Handicap,
Toreador.

The Members' Plate,
Randald McEagh or Centurion.

The Stoneleigh Plate,
Lively Seedling.

The Ayr Meeting.

The Nursery Handicap,
Pinwherry or Dullingham.

The Stewards' Plate,
Once More.

A Maiden Plate,
Duchess of Westwood.

The Western Hunt Flat,
Four-Poster.

THURSDAY.

The County Cup,
Knockabout.

The Juvenile Handicap,
Ritto or Bavelaw Witch.

The Ayrshire Handicap,

Son of a Gun	...	1
Low Moor	...	2
Progression	...	3

The Caila Selling Welter,
Acquittal or Hank o' Yarn.

MANCHESTER.

The Lancaster Nursery,
Fabia.

The Stamford Welter,
Colleague or Tabret.

THE DE TRAFFORD HANDICAP.

Paddy	...	1
Portland	...	2
Pilot	...	3

The Peel Park Plate,
Anklebiter or Powerscourt.

The Michaelmas Plate,
Villiers.

FRIDAY.

The Palatine Handicap,
Man of Ross or Totley.

New Barnes Handicap,
Xylophone.

The Wilton Selling Handicap,
First King or Bonnie Hampton.

The Devonshire Plate,
Keelson or Gallow Glass.

THE AYR MEETING.

The Land of Burns Plate,
Pin Money or Poppœa.

The Ayr Gold Cup,
Kilmallock.

The Arran Welter,
Tibbie Shiels.

SATURDAY.

The Prince Edward Handicap,

Pot Luck	.. ..	1
Cabin Boy	..	2
Esmond	.. ..	3

The Gerard Nursery,
Santa Caterina.

The Salford Maiden Plate,
Son and Heir.

The Oldham Welter,
Upsilon or Old Hoppy.

The Eglinton Nursery,
Aldbourne or Cutthroat.

CHALK.

DEATH OF A LINCOLNSHIRE SPORTSMAN.

A FAMOUS Lincolnshire sportsman, Mr. John Henry Skipworth, better known in the district as "Captain Jack," has passed away in his eighty-fourth year. He had played the game all round, for in his hot youth he fought under Colonel Baker for Donna Maria in the Portuguese war of Succession, gaining the decoration of the Tower and Sword (the V.C. of Portugal), and afterwards served with General Sir de Lacy Evans's Spanish legion, altogether taking part in more than fifty hand-to-hand skirmishes and engagements. Coming home to his native shire he became a noted breeder of horses and dogs, a splendid shot, and a horseman who had few equals across country or between the flags. His nerve was phenomenal, and when some of the hardest riders of the day took exception to one of the obstacles in the Spalding Steeplechase course of 1840 he declared that at any rate his mount, Gay Lad, could clear it, and was justified in the event, no fewer than fourteen horses coming to grief at the jump. For many years he took a leading part in the management of the Brocklesby Hunt, and was always to the fore. When after six good runs the bobtailed fox was chopped down, Lord Henry Bentinck, the then master, presented the brush as a trophy to Captain Skipworth with the remark that as he (the Captain) had seen most of the fox when alive, it was fitting that he should have all that remained of it.

FLORENCE LEVEY.

A Pretty American Actress who has Scored Success in Burlesque and Light Opera.

(With Portrait.)

MISS FLORENCE LEVEY is one of the popular footlight favourites in the States. She is pretty, and possesses attractive ways, which have aided her materially in scoring success in burlesque and light opera.

LILLIE ELTON.

A Much-admired American Performer who can Boast of a Shapely Form.

(With Portrait.)

BY possessing an excellent form and considerable ability as an actress, Miss Lillie Elton has made quite a hit in the United States, appearing in light opera and burlesque. She contemplates a visit to this country, when the British public will be afforded an opportunity to judge of her ability.

ENJOYED A HEARTY DINNER.

IT did not transpire at the Wood Green Sessions how many wickets Frederick Raven took in the great cricket match between tradesmen and policemen at Tottenham, but it was clearly in evidence that at the subsequent dinner he bowled over as many bottles as the best man there, and did a fair share of fielding after cold pies and puddings. The result was, as he admitted to the magistrates, a mixture of obfuscation and valour which would not have quailed before the "demon" bowler himself. While Raven was on his way home one of the diners came up, and not only accused him of stealing his coat, but threatened to punch his head. The other invited him to do so if he could, and the coatless gentleman at once did it. While the punching was going on Police-constable Mitchell, who had also been at the dinner, arrived, and Raven turned his attention to him, and took his revenge by knocking him down and kicking him. The cricket dinner, therefore, had its sequel in the police-court, where Raven was accused of assault. He pleaded that he was attacked first, but the magistrates ordered him to pay a fine of ten shillings and costs. The accused intimated his intention of appealing.

WELSH SPORTSMEN
SHOULD VISIT
THOMAS WELCH
AT THE
MERTHYR & ABERDARE,
LITTLE MILLICENT ST., CARDIFF,
The Headquarters for men interested in all branches of Sporting.

COLOURED MEN TO THE FRONT.

THANKS to the Lucania for making a fast trip across the ocean, because it conveyed to us a letter from the African quarter of New York City, which runs as follows: "Dar am no use talking, de moas' powerful argument would never convince dis chile dat Massa Corbett ain't afraid of Peter Jackson, and all de cullud children just makes it almighty disagreeable for der white trash here. I'se know dat in England cullud man jus' good as white man, so I 'se send you der good news. When der boys go to school you will perceive how de little cullud ones

Puts a Chip on der Shoulder.

and if dat white trash knocks it off—my, how dat cullud boy do fight! Long in de arternoon der cullud boys enjoy looking for white trash, jus' to give dem a dawg gone whipping. Sah, it's like a cyclone going fro de streets when a white boy gets out ob school. De only pussons yo see pramulating dis yere fine ebenings am de gemmen of cullur.

"When Peter Jackson fust started cross dat ribber dey calls der Pacific Ocean he wos sassified wid wot dey gib him, but not so now, cause Peter am de boss, an' he knows dat Corbett hab his fingers in dat Sioux City Club purse, shure yo am born. When dey cuts a water melon now

Peter wants a Big Slice.

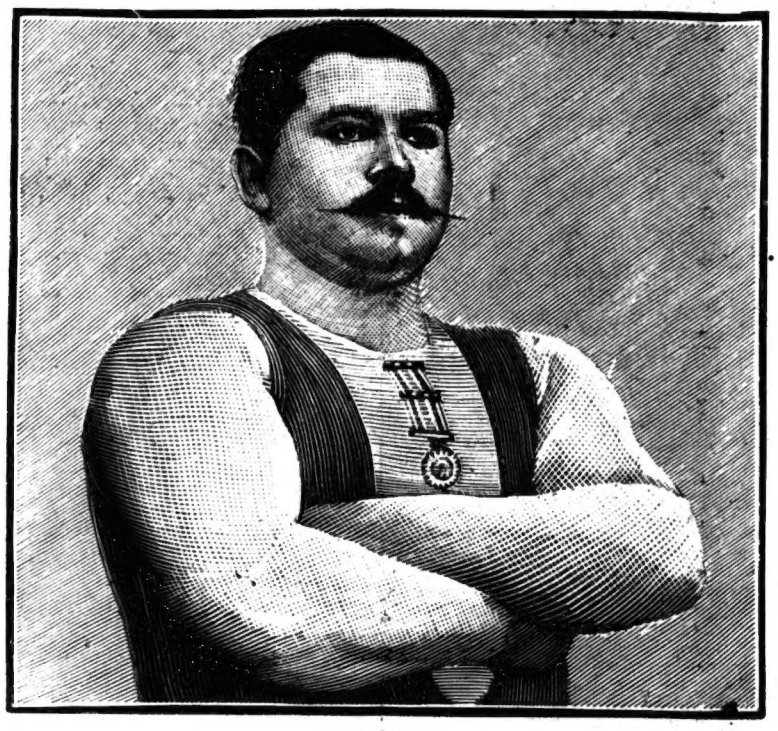
an' he know how he dasarves it, cully. He am gwine to Cuba, and probly he's gwine to yo' country, cause he wants to see his fren, der Coffee Cooler, fight. Dat Craig am a smart chile, and I specs he beats O'Brien. Yes, sah, dat Craig knows how to fight, and he doan' gwine prancing round getting intoxicated. I am proud to rise to remark dat we hab a cullud gemman who can jest bust all dem big men wot blows a'bout fighting, and Massa Craig he takes care ob de middle-weights, Walcott der light-weights, and George Dixon der rest wot comes below der men wot Walcott can't get to fight him Dis am a great world, with cullud gemmen on top."

MR. A. E. STODDART.

The Gentleman Cricketer who is to Pilot a Team on a Tour of the Colonies.

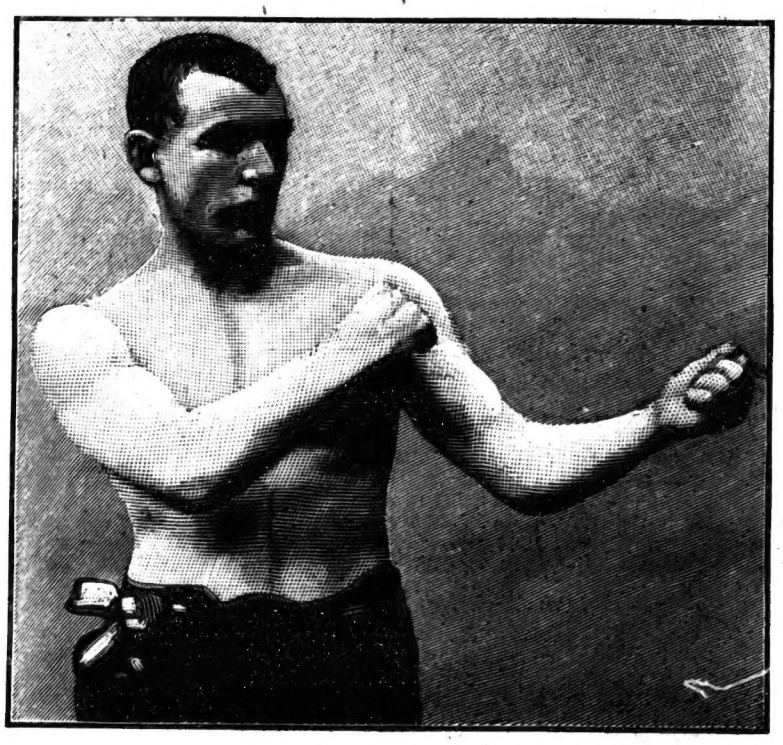
(With Portrait.)

MR. A. E. STODDART, who takes a team of cricketers to Australia this month to play a series of matches, was the first player to score 1,000 runs during the season, a point he reached on June 23. He was born at South Shields on March 11, 1864. In August, 1886, playing for the Hampstead Club against the Stoics, he succeeded in scoring 485 runs, the highest individual score obtained in any match. He is famous as a batsman, and will no doubt pile up a good score in his matches against the Australian teams.

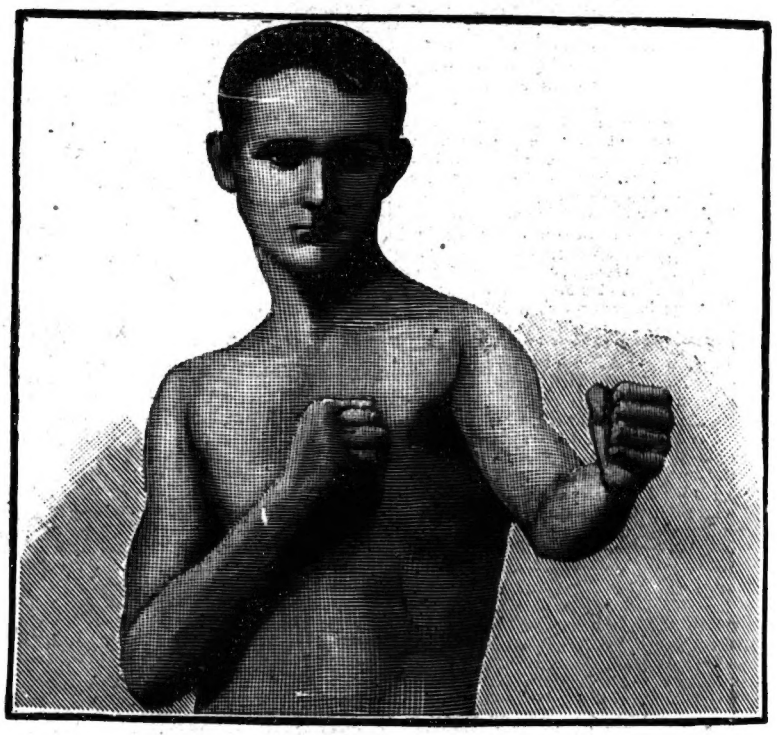


CYCLOPS.
A Manipulator of Heavy Weights who has Gained many Trophies

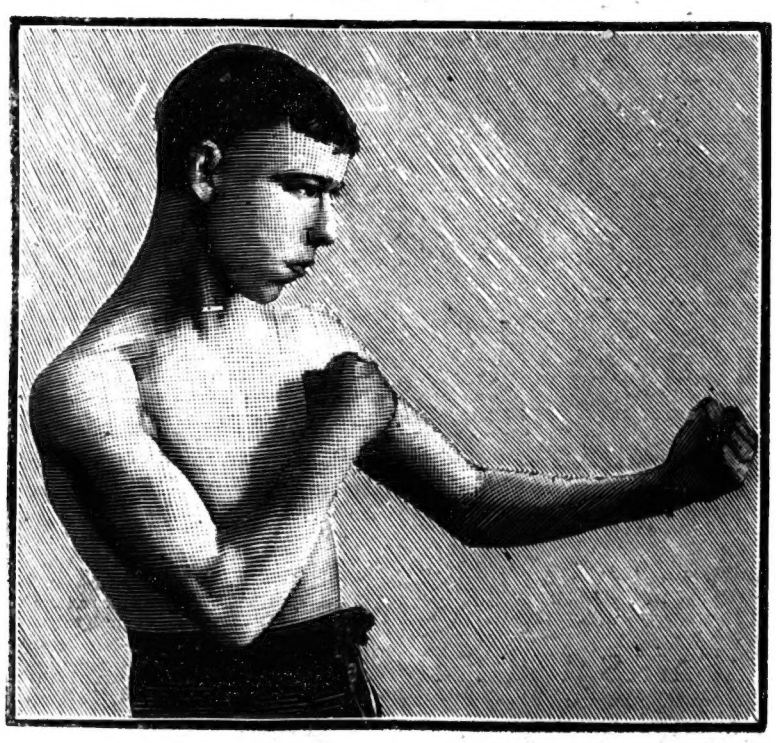
DENNIS F. BUTLER.
An Expert American Swimmer and Boxer who is Training Craig.



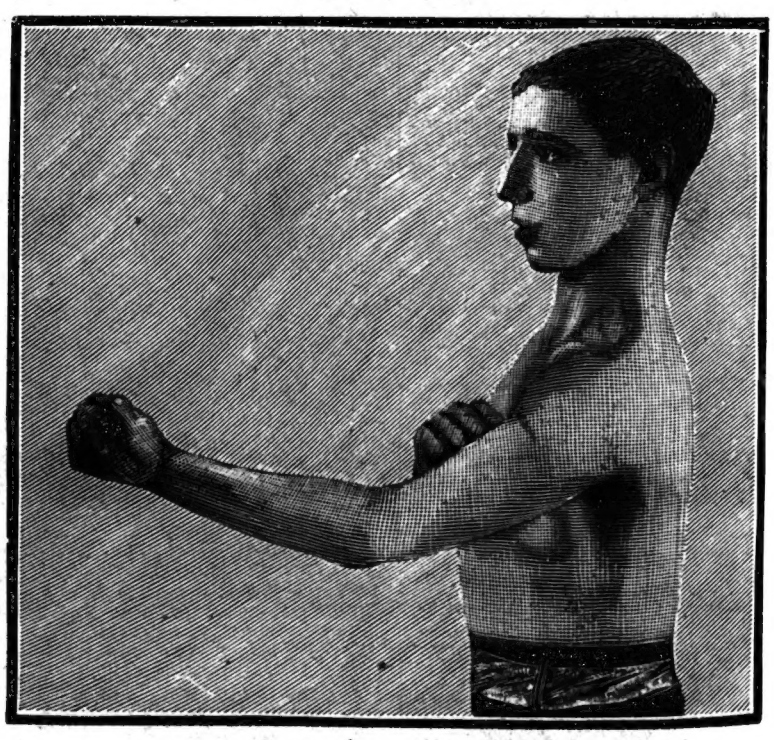
LACHIE THOMSON.
A Glasgow Pugilist now Located in South Africa.



WILLIAM CURLEY.
Champion 7st 12lb Pugilist of the North.

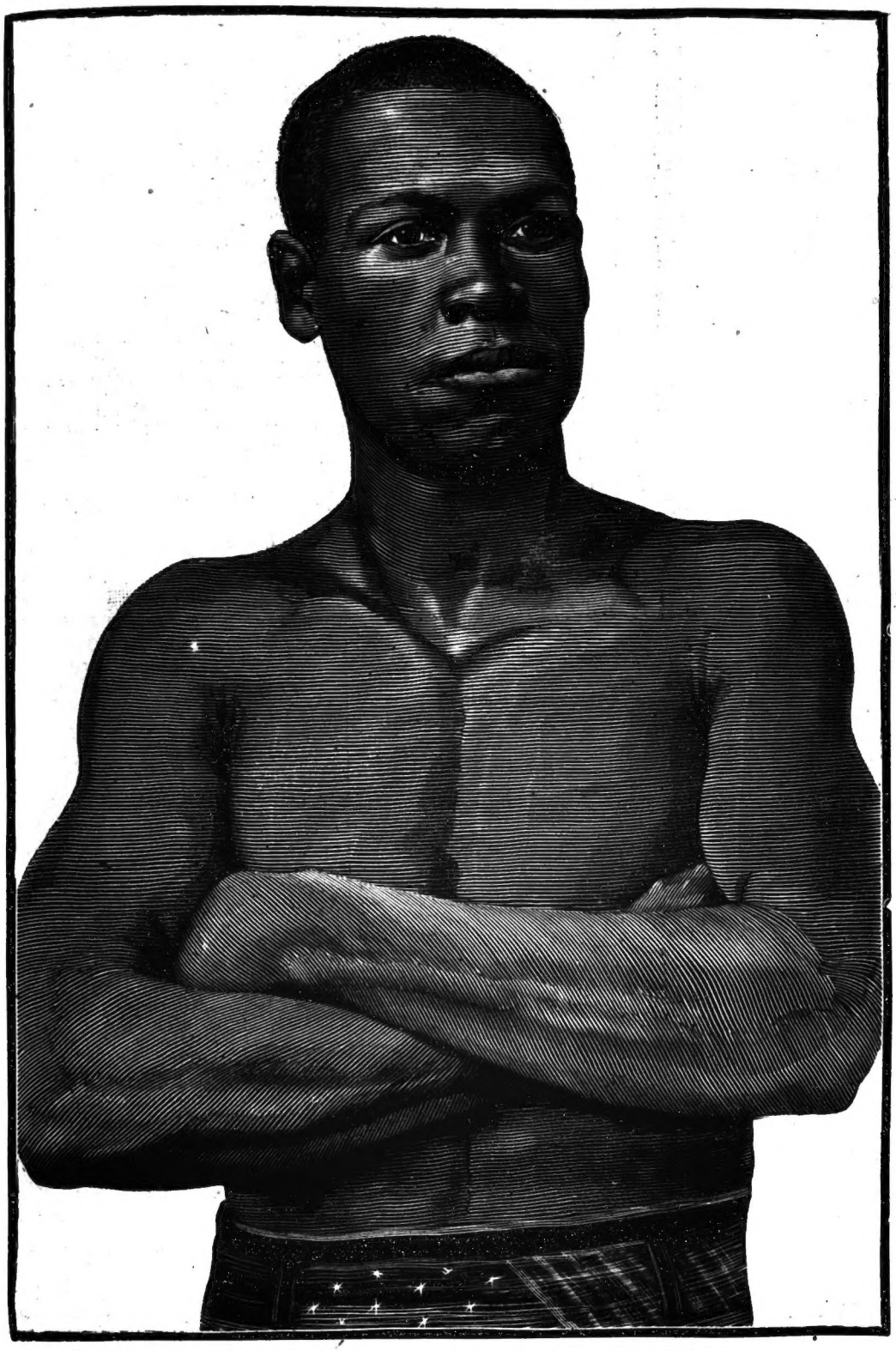


THOMAS PICKARD.

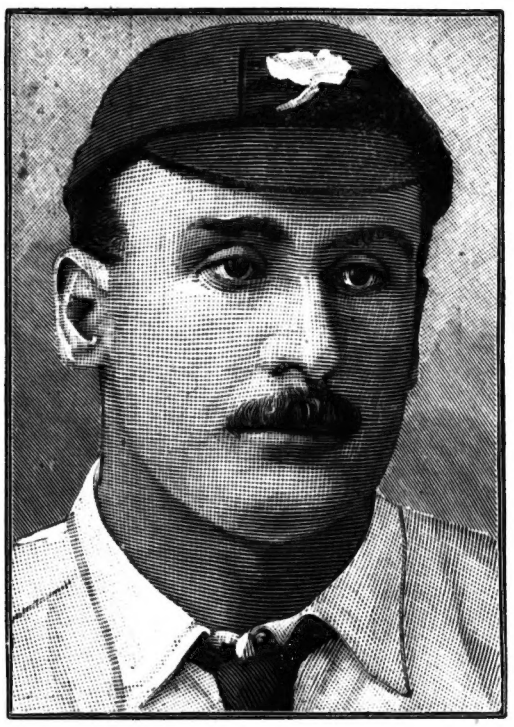


ERNEST PICKARD.

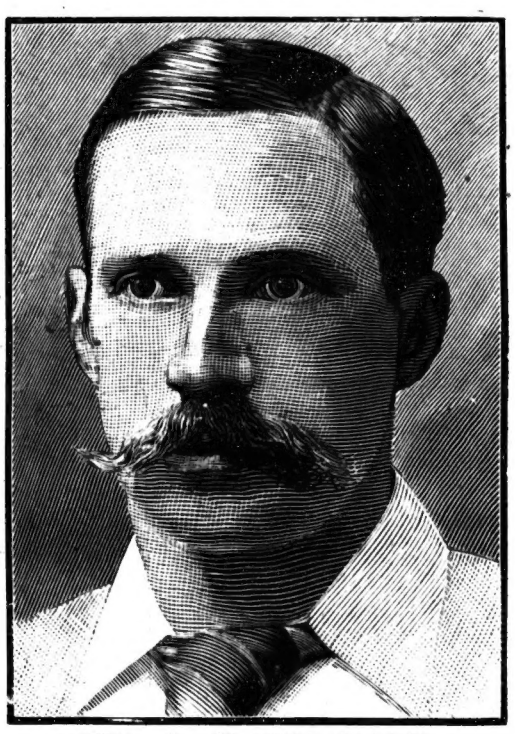
Two Clever Boxers and Wrestlers who are Popular with London Sporting Men and Club Patrons.



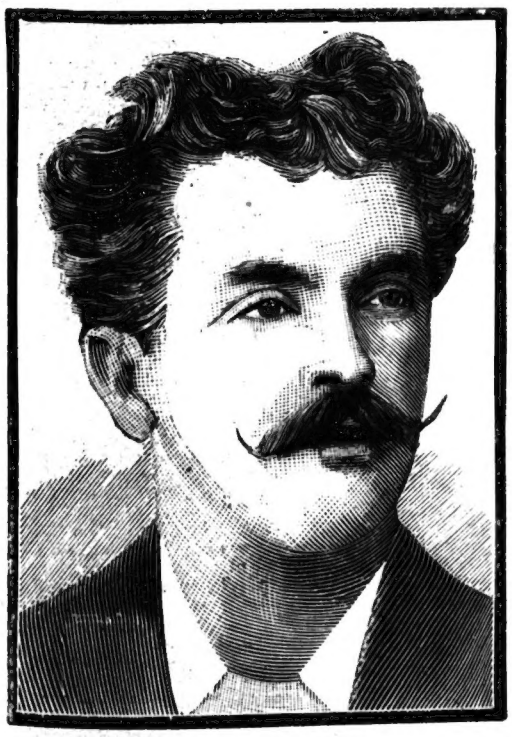
FRANK CRAIG, THE COFFEE COOLER.
The Man who is to meet John O'Brien.



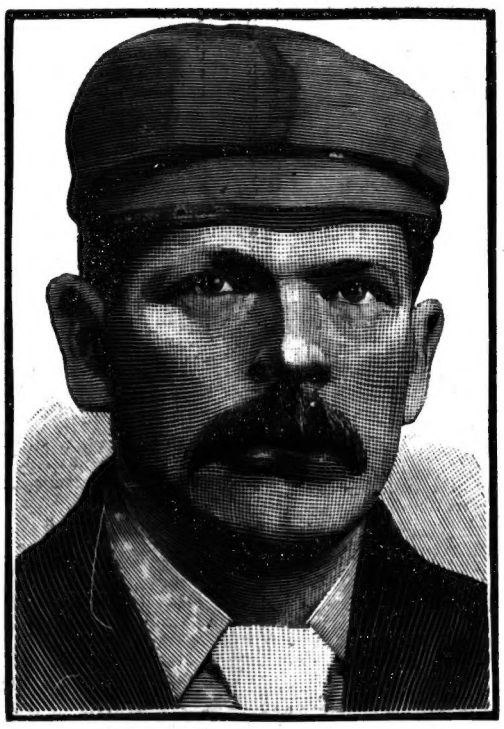
LORD HAWKE.
The Gentleman who has taken a Team to America.



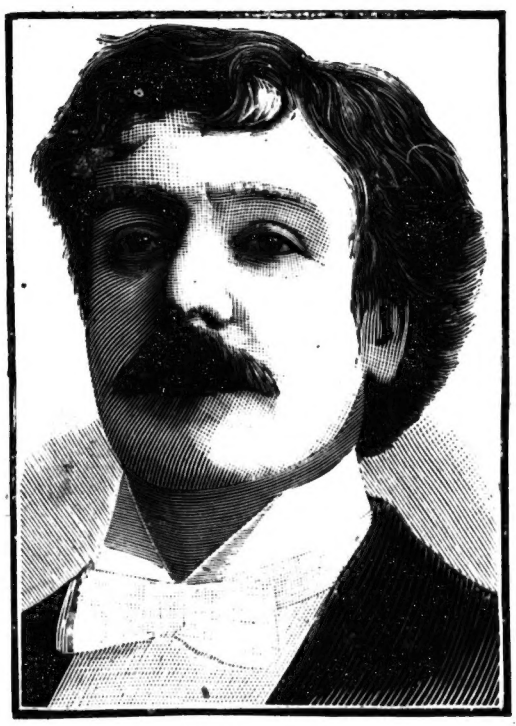
MR. A. E. STODDART.
The Gentleman Cricketer who is to Pilot a Team on a Tour of the Colonies.



EDWIN GILLEY.
The Hustling Advance Agent of Livermore Brothers' Court Minstrels.



THOMAS WELCH.
A Cardiff Publican who is a Patron of Boxing and Coursing.



MR. HORACE LIVERMORE.
One of the Proprietors of the Famous Court Minstrels now Touring the Country.

Craig in Training.

The Cooler a Hard Worker.

Confident of Success.

Corfield Defeats Gower Easily.

The Sheffield Lad a Wonder.

Jackson to Visit England.

Is the Sioux City Purse Genuine?

Lively Contests in London.

(*Subject of Illustration.*)

Now that the international middle-weight match is booked for decision Monday, October 8, at the National Sporting Club, both Craig and O'Brien have gone into strict training. Our full-page illustration shows Craig and O'Brien shaking hands at THE MIRROR OF LIFE office, September 8, when they met for the first time to talk matters over. Dennis Butler and Thomas Welch, respective managers of the men, are prominent features, because it was between the two that a discussion arose as to how the men should weigh, and the manner in which the purse should be proportioned off.

Number two shows Craig at work punching the suspended ball to improve his speed of delivery and hitting powers. On the same line will be noticed Craig being put through a dumb-bell drill by Dennis Butler, and in the lower left-hand corner we illustrate Craig mounted upon a bicycle taking a breather before breakfast. Number five shows Craig doing a wing dance, a favourite style of dancing in the Southern States, which not only improves the wind, but strengthens the legs and improves the whole muscular system. The Coffee Cooler is located at R. Roper's Porcupine Hotel, in Eltham, and is being well cared for there by Mr. Roper. He rises at six o'clock in the morning, and indulges in a half-hour's work on the bicycle over the roads in that section. He partakes of breakfast at seven, which consists of steak or chops, two eggs soft boiled, a bowl of oatmeal porridge, and a cup of tea. Between eight and nine he dons his sweaters and goes for a ten-mile spin on the road, varying his gait from a fast walk to an occasional sprint of 500 yards. Upon reaching his training quarters he goes into the gymnasium and devotes half an hour to pulling chest weights, and then is sponged down with cold water. Being thoroughly dried and hand rubbed he dons dry flannels, and lounges about for dinner at one o'clock. His midday meal consists of roast beef or mutton, one potato, a cup of tea, and several slices of dry or toasted bread.

At two o'clock the Cooler takes a series of short runs at top speed, then is put through a dumb bell drill, after which he fights the suspended ball for half an hour. That portion of his labours at an end, he does a wing dance for from ten to twenty minutes, and is then prepared for a rub down and a short rest before partaking of supper, which comprises a mutton chop and soft-boiled eggs, several slices of dry bread, and a cup of tea. A stroll out in the evening prepares him for a night's rest. He retires at nine o'clock, and frequently a little before that hour.

* * *

BY hard work the Coffee Cooler has reduced his weight to 11st 8lb, and inside of a week he will be well within the stipulated weight—11st 4lb. He is an honest worker, and freely states that at no time during his fighting career has he been placed under such strict training discipline, and he believes that victory in his coming contest is assured. His training quarters are all that could be desired. In the Porcupine Hotel he is given the privilege of a large sitting-room, where he can lie down for a short rest. Directly back of the hotel is a small house fitted up as a gymnasium with bathing facilities, and rear of the house is a large lawn, where, when he so desires, he can kick a football, throw weights, and do short sprints.

* * *

WITH the residents Craig is decidedly popular because of his jolly, unassuming ways, and they appear to be delighted at seeing him go through his exercises. Landlord Roper is kept busy responding to the many questions put to him by the callers at his hostelry, and, though he finds that he is kept pretty busy, he utters no word of complaint, but hopes that success may crown the efforts of the dusky warrior.

George Corfield.

the Sheffield wonder, has dispelled all doubt in the minds of the Londoners as to his ability as a champion at 7st 12lb. He met Alf Gower in a twenty-round contest with 4oz gloves for £50 a-side and the gate receipts at Drill Hall, Sheffield, September 10. They were restricted to 7st 12lb each in weight, and both came within the specified limit. Corfield, who stands 5ft. 4in., had the advantage of two inches over his opponent. Possessing two useful hands, he depends upon his superior science and generalship to fight his way to victory. Gower is a sturdily-built chap, a good in-fighter, and can deal out a heavy blow with the right hand; but against such a clever lad as Corfield he was unable to put in one of his favourite hits.

Alf Gower

was well supported by his London friends, accepting short odds. He had for seconds Jack Hicks and Tommy Orange, while George and Joe Willson, the Leicester sporting men, were behind the Sheffield wonder.

Previous to the battle Law and Cowan, local lads, contested the ownership of a £10 purse in a twenty-round battle, which was won by Law after a hard struggle.

When Corfield and Gower entered the ring betting ruled at 7 to 4 on the Sheffielder. The opening rounds were rather tame, because Gower was patiently waiting to put in a telling blow, while Corfield was content in keeping his left in action, visiting the face frequently. In round three the men got close together and indulged in some lively work, Corfield knocking the Londoner down with a right-hander on the neck. Gower got up a bit shaky, and was forced to act on the retreat to save a knock out. During the three succeeding rounds Corfield did some remarkably fine work with his left hand, and when Gower essayed to land a heavy blow he would go wide of the mark. He was unable to time his hitting against such a clever lad, and his blows were therefore spent in fanning the air. Up to the eleventh round Corfield had matters all his own way, and pommelled Gower with the left in such effective style that the London man presented a pitiable sight. Gower essayed to rush matters in the twelfth round, and was cross-countered on the jaw with such effect that it caused a swelling. Corfield then set about his adversary in such a workmanlike fashion that when time was called Gower returned to his corner a thoroughly beaten man. Jack Hicks, perceiving his condition, threw up the sponge as a token of defeat. Corfield, by his decisive victory, impressed upon all those present that he is one of the best and most finished fighting men of the day, and good enough to take down the number of any lad in the world up to 8st., not excepting Billy Plimmer. Speaking of the contest the *Sporting Life* says:—"The opinion of London experts who lost their money on Monday in the Corfield and Gower fight is to the following effect: 'There is no one in this country who can be backed to have the slightest chance with him at weight. He would have to concede several pounds to secure a match; and this being so, it naturally follows that an international contest must be his next venture.'"

The *Sportsman* says:—"The contest was by no means high class. Gower possesses but little pretence to science, and his supporters made no secret of his ability and patience to wait for a favourable opportunity of planting his deadly body blow. But that opportunity never came, and though once or twice the East-ender thought he had a fair chance of a hit, it was only to find his blows spent on the air, and Corfield, through his nimbleness, out of danger. The Londoner's attitude was essentially that of a hitter, and he seemed altogether careless as to the amount of punishment he received so long as he could get an occasional opening. He seemed to have little idea of defence nor did he appear to care much about it. At the outset there was so much caution displayed by both men as to lead to a fear lest the fight should develop into a "procession," but these fears did not last long, both men as soon as the preliminary caution was over going in merrily, and there was any amount of strong and punishing in-fighting. But Corfield's left was strongly *en évidence*. Time after time did Gower dash in only to find that long and terribly straight left hand well up to his face and kept there. His face was a mass of blood at the end, and though the accident which brought matters to a premature ending was exceedingly regrettable, there can be no doubt that he was well beaten at the time it happened, and but for a lucky knock-out blow had not the slightest chance of success."

* * *

"DON'T believe all you hear about the Sioux City Club's offer of a 25,000 dollar purse for Corbett and Jackson," writes a well-known Ring follower from New York City, "because it looks as though it is a scheme of Brady's to keep Jackson away from Corbett until next spring, and at the same time get the benefit of a lot of newspaper controversy. Jackson journeyed West to investigate the affair, and don't like the look of affairs as they now stand; consequently he will decline the purse offered. He contemplates a visit to Cuba, and will then go to London for a short stay. He hopes to see Craig, the Coffee Cooler, defeat John O'Brien."

"It appears strange that we have such good coloured pugilists. Take, for instance, Peter Jackson. He is probably the best of the heavy-weight division, and, in good condition, is good enough to defeat Corbett or any other man in the world. Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, heads the ranks in the middle-weights, and, bar Fitzsimmons, he should defeat any man in the world at 11st 4lb. He has tried to effect a match with Fitz, but the latter always draws the colour line, and that prevents them coming together. In the light-weight class Joe Walcott is without question the best in the world, and owing to his inability to procure a battle at 9st 7lb, he is forced to take on all comers at 10st, and even above that weight. George Dixon has clearly proven himself a champion at 8st 8lb, and has probably done more real milling than any fighter that ever lived. A combination comprising Jackson, Craig, Walcott, and Dixon would indeed be a strong one, and in their respective classes they could take on all comers with success. I understand there will be a considerable sum of money sent from here to England to go on Craig when he meets O'Brien, and unless the Welshman is a marvel the black fellow will win the day."

* * *

Two contests, designed to last eight rounds each, were decided at the Lambeth School of Arms, September 11. W. Churchill and T. Brand were the first couple to contend for honours, and they put up a lively mill throughout. Churchill gained an advantage in the earlier rounds, which he maintained throughout, and secured the verdict.

J. Marney stood up to W. Smart for seven gruelling rounds, when he put out his hand as a signal that he had had quite sufficient of an uphill task.

* * *

PETER JACKSON is of the opinion that Bob Fitzsimmons will easily defeat Dan Creedon in their forthcoming match at New Orleans.

* * *

TOMMY MONK, the old time fighting man, was tendered a complimentary benefit at Red Cross Hall, Bethnal Green, September 11, the principal item on the programme being a six-round contest between Bill Squibb, of Shoreditch, and Tom White, of Bethnal Green. They proved to be aggressive fighters, and got to business directly time was called, White bleeding freely from a heavy blow on the nose. In the second White got home heavily on the ear, whilst Squibb, in addition to setting the claret again running freely, caused White's eye to swell quickly. Still the men kept up the pace, both finding the floor in the third essay, White once being knocked nearly through the ropes; but in the fourth, and what proved to be the last, encounter Squibb painted his man like a "Red Indian," and White, finding he had had enough, took off his gloves in token of defeat.

* * *

SAM CONNELLY, of Shoreditch, and Bill Pinner, of Hackney, contested the final bout of an 8st competition at the Bermondsey School of Arms, September 10. The former did some telling work with his left, and secured a lead which entitled him to the verdict. In a four-round bout George Alcock had to be content with second honours, Patsy Sullivan, by clever hard hitting, proving an easy winner.

* * *

S. SWAINSBURY, of Old Ford, bested Arthur Abbott in a six-round mill at the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, September 8.

* * *

SAM THOMAS, alias Butcher, of Pontypridd, and W. Lines, of Bristol, are matched to box the best of twenty rounds at the National Sporting Club, Monday, October 8, for £25 a-side and the purse offered by the club.

* * *

HARRY GREENFIELD, of Camden Town, will be afforded an opening to display his milling qualities shortly. He is to fight Tom Causer, of Bermondsey, the best of twenty rounds for a purse the early part of October. The men are restricted to 9st in weight.

* * *

A TWELVE-ROUND contest between Dan Stacy, of Upton Park, and Fred Haywood, of Walworth, was decided at Hollier's Gymnasium, Peckham, September 10. For the first three rounds advantages were about equal, but in the fourth Stacy was rather hard pressed and slipped down. He settled down to hard fighting, and soon reversed matters, securing a commanding lead. At the close of the twelfth round Stacy was given the award.

* * *

THREE contests of six rounds each formed the programme for a boxing show at the Goodwin Gymnasium, September 10. In the first set-to A. Ward, of Hoxton, met Dave Gough, of Islington, and gave him a rare drubbing down. He toppled Gough over several times in the third round, and forced him to cry quits. Bill Corbett, of Lambeth, and J. Fitzgibbons, of St. George's, fought the stipulated number of rounds in a spirited fashion. It was a near thing, but in the opinion of the referee Fitz had won, and so went the verdict. In the third contest Barney Lambert, of Kingsland, clearly outfought J. Osborne, of Walthamstow, from the outset. He finished the job with the knockdown blow in the sixth round, and was declared the winner.

* * *

A MATCH has finally been arranged between John Boyle, of Glasgow, and Tom Williams, the Australian, now located at Aldershot, to box the best of twenty rounds at the National Sporting Club, the latter part of October, for £50 a-side and a purse of £100. Boyle has been trying to get on a match for nearly a year past, and can fight as low as 9st 7lb, but in taking on the Australian he will be forced to concede a lot of weight. His friends, however, are confident of his ability, and will see that he is well backed when he enters the ring.

* * *

ERNEST BRADY, of Newcastle, who is conceded to be the best 6st 10lb lad in the North, is to meet Charley Gledhill, of London, in a fifteen-round contest, at even weight, in James Lowe's saloon in Newcastle, October 8. A purse of £30 and a side bet of £40 will be the money in dispute.

* * *

A "SPECIAL NIGHT" was held at the Bermondsey School of Arms, September 13, when two battles were boxed to a conclusion In one of six rounds Patsy Sullivan outfought G. Allcock for a purse. Jem Sheehan and Sandy Gibson, Peckham pugilists, decided their grievances in short order. Sheehan undertook to force the fighting, and after some lively exchanges he was floored in the second round. Gibson gave his man no rest in the third round, and fought him to a complete standstill before time was called.

* * *

HERBERT GODDARD, brother of Joe the heavy-weight, who was beaten by Ed. Smith in the States, died of miner's consumption recently at Broken Hill, Australia. Deceased was twenty-seven years of age, and had fought Jem Hall, Jack Slavin, Ned Ryan, and Owen Sullivan in the ring.

* * *

ARTHUR CALLAN writes from France that he is getting in superb condition for his knuckle fight with Jack Gover, of Edmonton, and so confident does he feel that success will attend his efforts that he declares he will not return to England if he meets with defeat.

HONEST SPORTS.

MR. WILLIAM DUNN, M.P., has given to the Paisley Club an elegant silver cup to be offered as a prize for the team swimming championship of Scotland. It is 2ft 6in tall, and must be won three times before it becomes personal property. The first race, which must comprise teams of five men to each team, will be decided September 25 at the Paisley Public Baths in Store-Street.

* * *

MR. WILL HULSE, of the Dog and Bear, Nottingham, writes: "We had rather a novel trotting race here the other day. Two ponies about thirteen hands high each were matched to trot ten miles, five miles out and back, for £50 a-side; while posting the money one party consented to make the stakes £100 a-side and add another five miles to the journey. A little badgering resulted in another five miles being added and the stakes increased to £250 a-side, making in all twenty miles to be raced. John Gilsthorpe's bay mare Fanny won, her opponent being Carey Dunn's Jack. The starting point was two miles outside of Boston, in Lincolnshire, to the seven-mile stone as a turning point. The ten miles was done in 36min 16sec, and full distance in 1hr 16min. Joe Walley, of Derby, held the ribbons on Fanny. I officiated as referee, and though there was a good crowd present everything was conducted in an orderly manner."

* * *

TEN thousand people assembled at Ballsbridge, Dublin, September 12, to witness the four miles run between F. E. Bacon, English champion, and J. J. Mullen, Irish champion, for a trophy. When the pistol was fired Bacon jumped off in front and made running, with a couple of yards lead of Mullen. The pace was very slow, the first mile occupying 5min 2 2-5sec, and in the same order they completed the second mile in 10min 25sec, the third mile being checked 15 min 48 4-5sec. Three laps from the finish Mullen shot to the front and for the first time took the lead. 300 yards from home, however, Bacon started sprinting, and though the Irish crack responded gamely, he gave way before entering the straight, and the Englishman, running all out, won by 15yds. Time, 20min 41 4-5sec.

* * *

THE Leicester and Manchester Osborne teams contested the final tie in the water polo for the English Challenge Cup, at Farnworth Baths, September 12. In the first half Osborne showed superior tactics, and at half-time were leading by three goals to two. On changing ends the Mancunians had the best of matters, and the game ended: Osborne, three goals; Leicester, two.

* * *

C. G. WRIDGWAY, Anerley B.C., who won the twelve hours Anchor Shield Race last year, made a successful attempt to beat the Brighton and back record, held by E. Dance, Catford C.C. Paced by M. Neaujean, W. Ellis, J. W. Stocks, A. E. Walters, Burgess, jun., R. H. Poole, and others, Wridgway completed the journey in 5hr 35min 32sec as against 5hr 52min 18sec.

* * *

EDWIN ROBERT HARDIE, of 124, St. Paul's Road, Bow, writes that he is not a brother of Robert George Hardie, of Notting Hill Gate, but a cousin, and in the competition he will use his best efforts to secure the trophy.

* * *

RESPONDING to R. G. Hardie, of Notting Hill Gate, Jack Gorman, of Stepney, says: "In your last week's issue I notice Mr. Hardie is prepared to take me on for a shaving and boxing contest. Allow me to state it is much easier for a man to scrape the faces of 3,000 unfortunates than one man who patronises a regular barber shop, because the unfortunates dare not complain, whilst those who pay their money for a shave want it done properly. If Hardie can shave twelve men in 3min 40sec, and do it properly, you had better give him the prize, because no other man in England can perform such a feat. The question now arises, would twelve of my customers stand that kind of shaving? If he thinks they would, and they would be fair-minded people too, let him post a deposit with THE MIRROR OF LIFE, naming day for me to meet him, and I'll make a match for a contest at shaving or boxing, or at both."

* * *

The tonsorial artists who are to compete for THE MIRROR OF LIFE trophy for the rapid shaving championship are to meet at THE MIRROR OF LIFE office, Thursday, September 20, at three o'clock p.m.

* * *

WHIPPET racing is becoming more and more popular every day in the south, and already several meetings have been arranged. The next close-to-town event is at Uxbridge, where on October 1 the Uxbridge Plate will be run off. This will be a handicap for whippets 25lb and under. Mr. Freeman Lloyd is clerk of the course.

* * *

ON September 13 a youth named Henry Bird, aged nineteen years, met with a shocking death at Leicester. He was playing football on the Bedehouse meadows when he fell on his face and became unconscious. A man named Taylor promptly went to his assistance, but Bird died in a few minutes. Heart disease is believed to be the cause of death, but an inquest will be held.

* * *

Mr. J. H. BLACKBURNE, the well-known chess player, is a native of Lancashire. He himself attributes a great deal of his success to his memory. He has been known to play blindfolded eight games at one and the same time, and defeat all his opponents. Whilst playing his blindfold games Mr. Blackburne usually sips a cup of some non-alcoholic stimulant—coffee for choice—and smokes a cigar. He has devoted all his time and attention to the game for about a quarter of a century, if not more, and has travelled all over the world to meet his opponents. He is forty-seven years of age.

* * *

THE 220 Yards Amateur Swimming Championship of Scotland was decided on September 13 in the Public Baths, Gorbals, Glasgow, when the yearly races, competitions, etc., of the Scotch Side Club were also held. The baths were crowded. The entry for the big race was the smallest yet received, only five swimmers sending in their names, and these were: John Anthony, Edinburgh; William Whyte, Glasgow; James Miller, Glasgow; James Taggart, Glasgow; William McLean, Glasgow; and Sam Moore, Glasgow (holder). A fine start was effected, the Edinburgh representative leading from the four lengths, and finishing a winner by three yards from Moore, Taggart being a bad third. Time, 2min 58sec (record for Scotland).

* * *

AT the London County Grounds, September 13, W. Ellis, on a single tricycle, and H. Smythe and H. B. Hoch, on a tandem tricycle, beat the one mile record for their respective class of machines, the tandem also beating the single and all intermediate records. The first half-mile was covered by the tandem in 1min 10 2-5sec, and the full journey in 2min 21sec, and in 2min 21 1-5sec by Ellis. The previous best record for single machines was 2min 26 4-5sec, by A. F. Ilsley, and for tandem tricycles 2min 31 2-5sec, by B. W. Crump and P. W. Scheltema-Beduin.

* * *

TURF patrons grieve the loss of the Manton trainer Mr. Alec Taylor, who died at his residence, Manton House, Manton, near Marlborough, September 13, aged 71 years. The deceased was a son of Mr. T. Taylor, of Bretby, Suffolk, and has devoted the whole of his life in training racehorses. He leaves a widow and two sons.

Taylor first gained prominence in 1851, when he trained Teddington to win the Derby.

* * *

PETER MOSS, of Camberwell Road, called at the MIRROR OF LIFE office the other day and stated he would attend the meeting of the tonsorial artists, Thursday, September 20, at THE MIRROR OF LIFE office. Moss says Rymer has no occasion to quit barbering business in case Rymer meets with defeat, because the Mile End Marvel, in the eyes of Moss, is not called upon to be proficient at scraping faces in the locality where he does business.

* * *

THE annual bicycle contest for the fifty miles amateur championship was decided at Herne Hill, September 15, when J. Green, of Northumberland County succeeded in lowering all records from 27 to 50 miles, and proved an easy winner. Of the 26 who started, but six crossed the finishing point. Green completed the 50 miles in 1hr 56min 45 3-5sec, which is 1min 32 1-5sec better than the time accomplished by Linton on the 2nd inst.; A. A. Chase was second and A. E. Wattiss third.

* * *

THE members of the Pegasus Cycling Club held their second annual Twelve Hours' race on the Kensal Rise cement track on September 15. Out of 13 entries the following 10 started:—H. Ebdon, J. H. Mortimer, B. Staples, A. G. Beaver, D. Robinson, W. Tillman, E. Day, A. J. Marshall, W. Murray, and W. C. Coates. A start was made soon after 6 a.m. At half-time the scores were:—Staples, 116¾ miles; Ebdon, 113¼ miles; Robinson, 109½ miles. The race resulted thus:—Staples, 221 miles; Ebdon, 216 miles 586yds; Day, 212 miles 450yds; Beaver, 210 miles 586yds. B. Staples takes the President's prize, and all the first four secure a gold medal for covering over 210 miles.

* * *

AT the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, September 15, Ernest Valentine, of Old Ford, was beaten by Harry Edwards, of Shoreditch, in six rounds with four-ounce gloves.

* * *

THE Lambeth School of Arms was the venue on September 15 of three glove contests for purses. Dave Burke, of Southwark, was beaten by H. Baker, of Lambeth, in eight rounds. Onzo found four rounds sufficient in milling George Trouse; while Wal Reman secured a verdict over D. Connors in eight rounds.

* * *

THE Bolingbroke Club management are desirous of bringing about a battle between two of the shining lights in the fistic arena, and, with this end in view, have announced a willingness to give a purse of £300 for a finish fight between George Corfield, of Sheffield, and Billy Plimmer. As an inducement for the latter to accept he will be allowed £50 as expenses to come here from the States. The club proposes to bring about several international battles during the coming season.

* * *

FOR his contest with Ted Pritchard, Dick Burge will train at Tynemouth, and have as advisers Sam Blakelock and Funny Cooke.

* * *

LORD HAWKE'S team of cricketers arrived in New York on September 15.

HE HAD HER SYMPATHY.

MR. HANNAY, the magistrate at Marlborough Street, confesses regretfully that his efforts as a dress reformer have been a failure. He has suggested to ladies many kinds of pockets in which they may keep their purses in safety, but they have steadfastly declined to adopt them, and insist either in carrying the articles in their tiny hands or placing them in receptacles in their dresses constructed for the special benefit of thieves. "I should be disposed," he said to Mrs. Knox, of Comeragh Road, West Kensington, whose purse had been stolen from her hand in Regent Street, "to suggest a pocket in front of the dress, on which the eye could always rest, but I fear it would be quite in vain, for it would be against the laws of fashion, which are paramount among women." The thief in this case was a German, named Fritz Schultz, upon whom Mrs. Knox expended quite an unmerited degree of sympathy. "Poor man," she remarked, "he was hungry, or he wouldn't have done it," and she prosecuted with great reluctance. In reality, Schultz was a spendthrift and a gambler, who after dissipating in low clubs £90 of which he was possessed, commenced to steal instead of seeking work. He was sent to gaol for a month. Mr. Hannay has greater success in dealing with criminals than in reforming ladies' pockets.

ANGLING IN THE THAMES.

THAMES anglers have had fair sport considering the bright water, which would be much improved by a night's rain. The weeds have commenced to rot, but they are still very abundant and form fine harbours for the roach and pike. Just before the trout fishing season closed Mr. Holland, of the Friendly Anglers Club, took a brace of nice trout at Sunbury Weir, the largest scaling 6lb 1oz. Some choice roach up to 1lb 6½oz were caught in the tributary Colne on September 13, near Staines, and good sport may now be had on this river in the weed runs. Mr. Johnson, of the Hertford Angling Association, has taken a grayling—a fish not often met with in this water—in the Lea at Hertford, and some excellent baskets of roach, dace, and perch have been secured between Tottenham and Ware.

DRINK, ejaculated Early Bird disgustedly, is the ruin of hundreds of thousands annually. Give it up, boys; give it up; it's a beastly habit, and I am the more convinced of it because it took four men five-and-twenty minutes to get me to bed last night. And they were strong men too.

STAGE GOSSIP.

WE ARE INFORMED

— That the Music Hall Benevolent Fund is not in a flourishing state, as the balance sheet issued last week shows. Two causes are assigned: First, the profession show great apathy towards it, and secondly the expenses of management are far too high.

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— That it cost £852 17s. 1d. to distribute £243 9s. in charity.

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— That next to railway companies, managers of places of amusement seem to be defrauded to the greatest extent.

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— That John Ward, who, on the pretence of being an editor, obtained four stall seats from the manager of the Globe Theatre last week, thoroughly deserved the two months hard labour to which he was sentenced.

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— That very few newspaper readers have not heard the name of Cissie Loftus.

* * *

— That the latest report, that she will appear at Daly's Theatre, New York, seems well founded.

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— That the following from the *Stage* is worth repeating:—The Walkers, father and son, property men, of the "Grand," Leeds, seem capable of making anything from a *papier maché* pie to steel greaves for a ghost's legs. Their powers, however, were never put to such a test as in the case of "The Manxman." Some of the properties for that play are of a very peculiar kind, and on arriving at Leeds, Mr. Cathcart, Mr. Barrett's manager, at once sent for Mr. Walker, sen., in his anxiety to know if they would be all forthcoming:—

"Oh, Walker, first of all, I want a large fuchsia bush for the front of Creegen's house."

And Walker, conscious of his power to forestall and provide, replies briefly,

"'Ave made it."
"And a hen coop."
"'Ave made it."
"Oh, and I want a spinning-wheel."
"'Ave made it."
"And a large hand hay-rake."
"'Ave made it."
"But now, Walker, old man—here comes the puzzle. I want a baby about four months old, and where in the world—?"
"That's aw reet, 'Arry's made it."

* * *

— That Marie Lloyd is a great success in America.

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— That the Duke and Duchess of York will probably visit Craig-y-Nos Castle some time next month, and that Madame Adelina Patti will give a special performance in her private theatre there.

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— That the new entertainment provided by Mr. George Fairburn, entitled "Popular Parliamentary Personages," is likely to be successful.

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— That Marie Collins is appearing again before the public as charming as ever.

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— That Vesta Tilley opened at the Empire, Leicester, last week, after her illness, and was a great success.

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— That Harry Pleon has added another character, entitled "Charley's Aunt," to his impersonation "After the Show."

* * *

— That the portable theatre belonging to Messrs. Manges and Son was burnt to the ground on Wednesday last week at Maidenhead. The building was not insured.

WHEN the manager tells stories
That are startling and prodigious
Of receipts that gather weekly
From his great and only show,
When he whispers that his
Leading lady prays and is religious,
Do not mind him; 'tis a boomlet,
And it does not do.

* * *

IN the beginning it required a rib to make a woman. Now it takes a pair of striped stockings, a corset, a lot of false hair, a set of false teeth, some wrinkles well powdered, and a big wart to make the average feminine. Who says the world is not progressing?

COULDN'T EXPLAIN HER SITUATION.
Catches his Wife with an Odd Glove and Seeks an Explanation.

OVERCOME BY EXCITEMENT.
A Bride Faints while Approaching the Altar.

DREW THE LINE ON MASSE SHOTS.
Cowboys who Objected to Allowing a Billiardist to Perform any but Straight-line Shots.

SHE HAD TAKEN A DROP TOO MUCH.
The Predicament in which a Railway Guard found a Young Lady in a Station in the North.

CLIPPED THE BONES OFF.
An Amusing Episode which occurred at a Belfast Boarding House.

FIGHT AMONG DRESSMAKERS.
How Two Girls attempted to serve a Dressmaker after being Discharged.

MR. GEORGE PAYNE.

Mr. George Payne, some years back, was one of England's most prominent turf patrons. He came from Northamptonshire stock and was born in 1804, and was left an orphan when but six years of age. His father fell in a duel, shot by a Mr. Clarke.

Being the eldest son, George Payne inherited Sulby Abbey, with a rent roll of £13,000 a-year, increased before he came of age to £17,000, and the large sum of £300,000 in ready money, which, with his rents, gave him an income of £30,000 per annum. One of his guardians was his uncle, Mr. John Payne, a great patron of the turf, who won the Derby with Azor in 1817, and from whom probably, to a great extent, the nephew derived his ardent love for the national sport. After four years at Eton he went in due course to Christ Church, Oxford; but though the Dons of that day were particularly lenient to young men of fortune and family, the escapades of young Payne were more than even their easy-going notions of discipline could tolerate. In vain his tutor remonstrated with him and held up before his eyes the frightful example of Colonel Mellish, to whom the worthy Don declared his pupil bore a striking resemblance in many points. Payne was incorrigible; and having converted Christ Church into a hunting box, and kept a stud which enabled him to achieve no ordinary distinction in many a run from Tubney Wood and Stratton Audley, he was at last requested to withdraw from the University—a request with which he willingly complied. Mr. Payne then made his entry into the great world with every advantage that mortal man could possibly desire: a princely income, a splendid constitution, remarkable talents, which would have fitted him to shine in the Senate or at the Bar, a fascinating address, which attracted men and women to him irresistibly, and an inexhaustible vivacity of spirits, the buoyancy of which nothing could depress. He squandered health, wealth, and happiness in gambling, and disdaining the temptations of Parliament, though often urged to stand for his native county, where he was so popular that he would have been placed at the head of the poll whenever and as often as he chose to offer himself as a candidate for election, he preferred the attractions of the turf, the chase, and the card-table.

On the turf Mr. Payne was notoriously unlucky with his own horses, though he was sometimes fortunate in backing those of his friends; when he and Mr. Greville put their heads and their horses together, some very good *coups* were landed. But Mr. Payne's first confederate on the turf was Mr. Bouverie, of Delapré Abbey, near Northampton. Mr. Bouverie's colours were all black, while those of his friend were all white. It was suggested that the confederates should amalgamate their colours; they did so, and hence the famous "magpie jacket" and the pattern of Mr. Payne's life-long neckerchief, which his friends called the tartan. But, popular as those colours were, and often as they were seen at Newmarket, Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood, Doncaster, and on every other racecourse in England, not excluding the most petty and insignificant, they were never associated with any greater turf successes than the occasional winning of a good handicap. The best horse Mr. Payne ever owned was Musket, one of the horses bequeathed to him by Lord Glasgow, who left him at the same time a legacy of £25,000; the good son of Toxophilite always being ridden in the white and crimson, as a compliment to the memory of his former owner. His filly, Welfare, ran second in the Oaks to the celebrated Crucifix, and at one moment nearly turned her owner's hair grey, for he stood to win thousands on Lord George Bentinck's flying mare, and had but a trifle on the animal who nearly upset the good thing. His betting was of the most reckless description. He would sometimes back two dozen horses in a race for a big handicap and then miss the winner. His first "facer" was received before he was of age. As Mr. Gascoigne's—afterwards Lord Glasgow's—Jerry shot past the post for the St. Leger of 1824, Mr. Payne, who had backed Brutandorf and a colt of his own named Cadiz, besides laying heavily against Jerry, recognised the fact that he had lost £33,000. The following year he backed Memnon for the St. Leger, and got the best part of his losses back again.

Twice Mr. Payne failed only by a hair's breadth, so to speak, in pulling off immense coups. The first was in Lord Lyons's year, when he backed Savernake, who lost the Derby only by the shortest of heads; the second was in Cremorne's year, when Pell Mell, whom Mr. Payne had backed to win many thousands, got up to the winner of the Derby, but failed by a head to get past him. In conjunction with General Peel, Mr. Payne for some years managed the Glasgow Stud at Enfield, from which paddocks in later years Sefton was turned out, over whose Derby victory in 1878 Mr. Payne won a large stake. In speaking of Mr. Payne's career a well-known sporting journalist wrote as follows:—"It was computed by an old Newmarket trainer who knew him well that in times anterior to the introduction of railroads Mr. Payne had spent more money in chaises-and-four than would have sufficed, if capitalised, to yield a competency to a man of moderate desires. The amount that he expended in travelling during his long and active life must have been enormous, and many of his merriest stories and experiences were connected with the turf. He had owned racehorses almost without intermission from 1824 to 1878, and yet candour compels us to admit that he never possessed a really first-class animal. He never won the Derby, Oaks, St. Leger, or Two Thousand Guineas, and his solitary victory, with Clementina for the One Thousand, was achieved with a filly that he bought reluctantly, at the instance of Mr. Francis Villiers, from the fifth Earl of Jersey. He was under the impression that a fine colt of his, named The Trapper, would have won the Derby, had he not hit his leg just before the race, when quoted at 8 to 1; but he was equally sanguine about Glendower, who could only get the second place in the Two Thousand Guineas. But, considering his long and multifarious experience, he was never a good judge of racing. His favourite jockey, Flatman, used to be convulsed with merriment as he narrated the conflicting opinions of Mr. Payne and Mr. Greville when they stood together, representing the winning post at the end of a trial, and could not agree as to which horse had won. He took delight in telling anecdotes, partly at his own, partly at his confederate's expense, and none of them was merrier than his account of the trial at Littleton, in which Mr. Greville's Ariosto passed successfully through a severe ordeal. 'Let me give you the liver-wing, Payne,' said the delighted Clerk of the Council, as they sat down in their trainer Dilly's house to breakfast after the trial, and Mr. Greville undertook to carve the roast chicken. Their exultation was considerably abated when Ariosto ran second for the Chesterfield to Sir Joseph Hawley's Teddington, but the confederates wisely took the lesson to heart, and were among the principal winners when Teddington ran away with the Derby of 1851." Mr. Payne was an infatuated gambler, not only on the turf but at the card table. For upwards of fifty years he spent more nights at play than any man that ever cut a pack of cards, and one eventful incident in his card-playing experience led to a very disagreeable result. In the year 1837 occurred the celebrated trial of "Lord de Ros *v.* Cumming," a *cause célèbre* which convulsed "society" more than any incident of a like nature which has since happened. Lord de Ros had been a constant player, chiefly at whist and ecarté at the West-end clubs, and was so steady a winner that in the winter of 1836 rumours began to circulate that his play was not fair. Hints were given him which he declined to take. He was closely watched on several occasions, and was detected in the act of marking the cards. He had many accusers, but the chief among them were Mr. Payne, Mr. Brooke Greville, Lord Henry Bentinck, and Mr. Cumming. Lord de Ros, who was abroad when the scandal was first set going, returned to England as soon as he heard of it, and, having traced the accusations to their source, was ill-advised enough to bring an action for libel against Mr. Cumming, which was tried before Lord Denman and a special jury on February 10, 1837. The sensation produced by the trial was profound; the court was crowded with ladies and gentlemen moving in the highest circles of fashion, and the *Times* gave an actual verbatim report of the proceedings. A great many witnesses were put into the box, especially for the defence. Mr. Payne's evidence was very important, and, as being calculated to have a great effect on the minds of the jury in days when no second speech was allowed, he was put into the box last. All that could be elicited in favour of Mr. Cumming, and in direct proof that Lord de Ros had cheated at cards on the specific occasions named, having been got from Mr. Payne by counsel for the defence, he was cross-examined by Sir William Follett as follows:—

You have been a good deal connected with gambling transactions, have you not?—Yes, I have.

Spent a great deal of money on the racecourse, and also been connected with racing proceedings, and with cards?—Yes, a great deal.

Have you been in the habit of playing with Lord de Ros?—Yes.

In the early part of your career, Mr. Payne, you were very unfortunate, I think?—Very much so.

And lost a considerable fortune? I lost a considerable sum of money, certainly.

You lost, I believe, the whole of your patrimony?—My lord, am I bound to answer that question? And yet I do not see why I should not. Yes, sir, I lost a considerable part of it.

You have been more fortunate since though?—No, my old luck has continued pretty much throughout.

Sir John Campbell, afterwards the first Lord Campbell, one of the bitterest and most sarcastic men of his day, replied on the whole case for the plaintiff in a slashing speech, in which he spoke of "Payne, the professional gamester," accused him of having confederated with Brooke Greville to get up this charge against Lord de Ros, and amongst other aspersions on the character of Mr. Payne used one phrase which especially exasperated that gentleman. Sir John said that "having started as a dupe, he soon crystallised into something worse." So angry was George Payne at the imputation conveyed by this phrase that he waited for Sir John for several afternoons in the neighbourhood of Westminster Hall, with a stout horse whip in his hand, with the firm intention of giving the eminent counsel a sound trouncing. But the shrewd Scotchman got notice of the intended onslaught, and slipping out each afternoon by a back way, allowed sufficient time for Mr. Payne's wrath to cool, when he offered an apology through the medium of Colonel Anson, who was, like Greville, a sort of general peace-maker, and Mr. Payne at once good-humouredly forgave him.

Of the card-playing stories in which Mr. Payne was conspicuous there is no end, and we select from those given in the biographical notices of him the following:—Ecarté was, about 40 years ago, the fashionable private game of the day, and many were the merry bouts thereat which Mr. Payne fought out with several distinguished adversaries. It is a tradition of Limmer's that he and Lord Albert Denison, afterwards the first Lord Londesborough, sat up all night at the famous but now extinguished hostelry, and that when they separated in the morning, Lord Albert, having lost about £30,000, proceeded to the adjoining temple of Hymen at St. George's, Hanover Square, to be married to his first wife, Miss Henrietta Maria Forester, the sister of Lady Chesterfield, Mrs. Anson, and Lady Bradford. With the same antagonist, and playing the same game, Mr. Payne once set out from London in a post-chaise to pay a visit to a country house in the New Forest. They played all day, and when night fell a lamp in the roof of the chaise was lighted, and they proceeded to deal and propose without intermission. Mr. Payne was in the midst of a capital run of luck, with £100 staked on each game, when they both became aware that the chaise had stopped, and that the bewildered post-boy, who had lost his way, was tapping lustily with the butt end of his whip at the window of the post-chaise to solicit the attention of the occupants. "What do you want?" said Mr. Payne, testily. "Please, sir, I have lost my way." "Come and tell us when you have found it," was all the rejoinder he could elicit.

A good story which he used to tell against himself was the following. Going to Goodwood one day he was taking his ticket at the railway station, when through the crowd there was thrust a hand which tapped him on the shoulder. "Take me one, George," said a tall man, well dressed in a costume rather horsey than elegant. Mr. Payne took the ticket and handed it over to the free-and-easy speaker, who said, "Thanks, George; settle at Goodwood," and disappeared in the crowd for ever and aye. Never from that moment did Mr. Payne set eyes on that hardened welsher, and he was never tired of telling the story and of laughing over it. "You see," he used to add, exegetically, "more people know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows. I did not know him from the dead, but thought I must have met him abroad somewhere. Clever rascal! He is welcome, I am sure, to his fraud and the proceeds." On August 10, 1878, he was seized with partial paralysis of the lower limbs, and during the day was conveyed to London, where he took to the bed he was fated never to leave until carried to his grave. He died on the morning of Monday, September 2, at the "little flat-fronted house" in Queen Street, Mayfair, which had been so long his town residence. He ran through two if not three fortunes; he wasted on the turf and at the card table abilities which might have secured him a high and honourable fame. Yet, for all that, when he died his loss was keenly felt and sincerely deplored by thousands, from the Queen herself to the humblest Northamptonshire tradesman. And the reason is not far to seek—George Payne was a sterling English gentleman, sincere and unaffected in bearing, upright in his dealings, the soul of honour, and, as one of his oldest friends said of him years ago, beloved by men, and idolised by women, children, and dogs.

"His expressions are very objectionable," said the precise young woman. "I think I shall have nothing more to do with him."

"Why?" inquired her companion.

"He writes me that he reached home in good shape."

"That is thoughtful on his part."

"I know that. But 'good shape' is such bad form."

DREW THE LINE ON MASSE SHOTS.

Cowboys who Objected to Allowing a Billiardist to Perform any but Straight-line Shots.

(Subject of Illustration.)

One of the American billiard sports, who recently visited London, was busily engaged at a leading hotel here reciting his experiences to a small gathering of sports, endeavouring to explain the difference between this and the other country. "I've been in all parts of the world," he said, "and always managed to get along without any serious trouble. The closest shave I ever had was in Wyoming Territory. It was about six years ago that I visited that portion of the country, and, stopping at the principal hotel in the town, I was afforded an opportunity to make a match for a game of billiards for 250 dollars a-side. My competitor proved to be a cowboy, and the day arrived when we were to decide the game. The town filled up with the cowboy element, who were predominant in the room when we shot for the lead. I was just holding my man safe, so when the money was all betted I could count on running the game out. The cowboy could handle a cue with considerable proficiency, so he kept me retaining a lead of a few points. At the critical point of the game it was necessary for me to perform a masse shot in order to get the balls in position. I elevated my cue, and in an instant a revolver was put under my nose ordering me not to try any fancy shots. I was forced to break the balls, and leave them in a position so my opponent couldn't score. I won the game by a close shave, and was requested to quit the town within twenty hours, which, needless to say, I was only too glad to do."

LORD HAWKE.

The Gentleman who has Taken a Team to America.

(With Portrait.)

While the second visit of Lord Hawke and his troupe of amateur cricketers will no doubt prove an equal success, from a social point of view, to that of his first friendly invasion of America some four years ago, the team is hardly likely to capture the only cricket laurels really worth winning in the States, viz.—the two matches scheduled with the Gentlemen of Philadelphia. The Quaker City is essentially the home of cricket in America, and outside the overgrown manufacturing city, on the banks of the Delaware, a contest between the best cricketers in the country fails to attract one-tenth as many spectators as eagerly assemble to watch a game at baseball between even the least skilful nines of the League players.

On the occasion of the previous visit of Lord Hawke and his merry men to America the Englishmen were easily defeated in the first match with the Philadelphians. In the return match, mainly owing to the brilliant batting of Lord Hawke and the destructive bowling of the Australian amateur, Woods—who, however, by reason of his residence at Cambridge and play for the 'Varsity was qualified to play for England—victory perched on the banners of the representatives of old Albion. On this occasion, however, while the English team is individually strong in the case of Lord Hawke, Mr. Stoddart, and two or three others, it will probably be found inferior as a whole to the eleven that did battle for England four years ago. As, on the other hand, Philadelphia will certainly put a much stronger eleven in the field than she did in 1890, it is doubtful if Lord Hawke's team will score a win at the Quaker City. That the visitors will, however, make a clean sweep of all the other matches goes without saying, as anyone who knows anything of the calibre of New York, Boston, or Chicago cricketers must be very well aware.

COULDN'T EXPLAIN HER SITUATION.

Catches his Wife with an Odd Glove and Seeks an Explanation.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Whether guilty or innocent a person can't be too careful in moving about when married, because a practical joke played upon an unsuspecting person is liable to create a considerable amount of trouble. A young married lady was placed in rather a peculiar position owing to having been the victim of a practical joke. It appears that she went out shopping with a lady friend, and happened to meet with an acquaintance, who accompanied them on their expedition. By way of a joke the man exchanged one of his gloves for one belonging to the lady, and when the parties parted from each other the young lady called upon her husband to accompany him home. Placing her gloves upon the desk the husband perceived the odd glove, and demanded an explanation. She was unable to give one, and now matters don't go as smoothly as they should.

THEY SAY

— That recently, when a very young couple were being married in Hungary, the priest, instead of the usual nuptial benediction, offered up the appropriate prayer, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

* * *

— That J. F. Jerrard, now in the Bankruptcy Court, was called to the Bar in 1874, but practised only for about 12 months and then went abroad. From 1882 to 1892 he was engaged as an actor and in occasional theatrical speculations or small provincial tours. His liabilities amount to £3,114, of which £1,114 is unsecured, and there appears to be no available assets. The bankrupt attributes his failure to losses in respect of theatrical speculations, to expenses having exceeded his income, and also partly to losses by betting.

* * *

— That subscribers to the Music Hall Benevolent Fund did not receive an altogether gratifying report at the annual meeting, which was held at the Canterbury Music Hall. It was stated that the total receipts during the past year were £1,198, and the expenditure £1,097, leaving a balance of £101, as against £397 last year. Mr. R. Warner, who presided, regretted that the fund had not up to the present received the support from the music-hall profession that it deserved. The balance-sheet was, he confessed, not the most rosy one, and the committee had only been able to make grants for relief amounting to £243. Their expenditure was necessarily large. Most of the income during the year was derived from the dinner, which produced £340, with an outlay of £217. The sports, on the other hand, resulted in a loss of about £70. Owing to the frequent bad weather, the committee thought it advisable to hold them in the Agricultural Hall. Unfortunately for the fund, the weather on the day the sports were held was fine, and the attendance was not so large as it ought to have been.

* * *

— That R. G. Knowles, the popular music-hall artist, will portray the character of Welland Strong, the "dying man," in "A Trip to Chinatown" at Toole's Theatre, commencing September 29, and Tom Brown, the Yankee whistler, will also be one of the features of the show.

* * *

— That THE MIRROR OF LIFE is making faster headway as a popular weekly sporting journal than any paper ever published, and with additional features about to be introduced its future success is assured.

* * *

— That on the St. Leger day 13,000 telegrams were despatched from the Doncaster post office and the racecourse. Eighty efficient telegraphists were employed, under the direction of Mr. J. Mason, who was assisted by Mr. H. Toothill. Between ten a.m. and four p.m. telegrams, including numerous heavy press messages, were dealt with at the average rate of twenty-eight per minute, and this without a hitch of the slightest description taking place.

* * *

— That at Greenfield, U.S.A., on September 13, a bicyclist named Titus covered 23 miles 1,489 yards in one hour, thus lowering the record made by Linton at Paris by 1,327 yards.

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— That the Cunard Line steamer Lucania arrived off Queenstown at 3.47 on Friday morning, having completed the voyage from New York in 5 days 8 hours 38 minutes.

* * *

— That an attempt was made to rob the mail cart whilst it was being driven in the night from Ramsgate to Dover. The driver, it is said, was suddenly attacked by two men. He was cut about the head and face, and found in the roadway near Sandwich, his injuries suggesting he had been struck with some heavy instrument from behind. The horse, however, bolted, and the would-be thieves were unable to stop it. The animal made straight for its next halting place at Sandwich. The driver upon recovering proceeded on his journey.

* * *

— That the wheel at the Earl's Court Exhibition is all right—the axle has been put in position. It is 40ft long and weighs 53 tons. It is now in place, 150ft above the ground. However, the whole structure cannot now possibly be ready for the public until next spring, instead of this autumn, as was originally promised.

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— That at Terre Haute, Indiana, the pacing-horse Gentry covered a mile in 2min 3¼sec.

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— That Miss Pauline Hall, the well-known American actress, claims she "can see no future for comic opera." She is coming to London this year, says an American paper, and will probably appear in Mr. Willie Edouin's company.

* * *

— That Sandow, the strong man, is anxious to do battle with a lion in San Francisco with bare hands for a purse of ten thousand pounds, and tells a reporter in that town that "the lion is a rank coward." We have great respect for Sandow's power and prowess, but would suggest that if the lion is really a coward, Sandow ought to consent to a reduction of the prize money.

* * *

— That the directors of the Belmont and Germantown Cricket Club have selected the following team to play against Lord Hawke's team of English cricketers on September 21, 22, and 24, in Philadelphia:—H. I. Brown, F. W. Ralston, George S. Patterson, H. T. Baily, E. W. Clark, jun., F. H. Bohlen, A. M. Wood, J. A. Scott, J. B. King, J. Muir, and R. D. Brown. If the latter is unable to take part in the match, W. W. Noble will take his place.

* * *

— That the finding of the court-martial in the slave-dealing case at Cairo has been published. Wacyf Pasha and Shawarbi Pasha are acquitted. Abdel Hamid, who admitted the charge, is sentenced to six months' hard labour, the slave dealers and brokers to 18 months, and the Bedouin who brought the girls to the Pyramids to six months. Sir H. H. Kitchener, the Sirdar, has confirmed the sentences on Hamid and the five others, but has not confirmed the acquittal of the two Pashas, holding that the evidence does not justify it.

* * *

— That advices from Paris state that a performance at Montparnasse Theatre was brought to an abrupt conclusion the previous evening soon after the raising of the curtain, under circumstances of a decidedly unusual character. In the course of the play a horse is ridden on to the stage, advancing right up to the footlights. The animal suddenly manifested kicking tendencies, and this caused the artists to scatter right and left somewhat precipitately. The man stuck to his seat, but, after backing unexpectedly, the horse reared and, coming down quickly, shot the cavalier headforemost into the prompter's box, amid the uncontrolled laughter of the audience. The poor man, with much kicking and struggling, managed to extricate himself, but meanwhile the horse disappeared through a trapdoor, falling a considerable distance, and doing great damage. The spectators and performers were so upset by the incident that the management thought it advisable to close the performance and return the entrance money.

* * *

— That Henry George, a bookmaker, of Lindon House, Hounslow; George Peachey, a commission agent, of Bolton Gardens, Chiswick; Arthur Humphries, a commission agent, of Albany Street; and Harry Hart, a cabinet-maker, also of Albany Street, were brought up at Marylebone on charges of betting in the streets. Formal evidence was given by the police. In the case of the prisoner Hart it was stated that, although he was in the company of the man Humphries, who was making a book, he himself did not receive betting slips or money. Distributed among the men was found money to the amount of £42 14s. 4½d. Each of the prisoners was fined £5, with the exception of Hart, who was fined £2.

* * *

— That a grand assault of arms will take place at the Victory, Eastfield, Stepney, on Thursday, October 4, a contest of 20 rounds with small gloves between Ted Napper and Jack Edwards, of Mile End, for a substantial purse, and the best of eight rounds will be contested by J. Scannell and Dicks same evening. Exhibition boxing by the best talent, with wrestling and club swinging, will be the feature of the programme provided by the management under the direction of Ted Napper and Ben Harris, the efficient M.C.'s

* * *

— That a remarkable wedding has taken place at Alsager, North Staffordshire, where Mr. John Alderson, aged 76, married Mrs. Lea, aged 78. Both parties had been married before, this being the bride's fourth husband. The wedding was attended by the bride's children and grandchildren.

JESS: "I've had over a dozen offers of marriage already this season."
Bess: "Good heavens! Who from?"
Jess: "Jack."

DENNIS F. BUTLER.

An All-round Athlete who trains the Coffee Cooler.

(With Portrait.)

DENNIS F. BUTLER, the all-round athlete who trains the Coffee Cooler, is a brother-in-law of Prof. Mike Donovan, the noted sparring instructor of the New York Athletic Club. He is thirty-six years of age, being an American, by birth of Irish parents. In his boyhood days he followed base ball playing for a livelihood, but in 1876 he turned his attention to swimming, contesting with success in local races about Philadelphia. The following year he defeated John Coyle in the Delaware for the championship of America. Since then he has defeated, in swimming races, John Thomas, Robert Wade, Charles Rice, Larry Blondell, W. H. Blackhurst, John Pearson, W. H. Johnson, W. H. Robinson, Prof. Clarke, Tom Riley, and John McGee.

Turning his attention to boxing, he participated in numerous contests resulting as follows:—Beaten by Bill Gabig, a heavyweight; beat P. Brennan, beat Paddy Smith, beat Jerry Leary, a draw of thirty-three rounds with Jim Fell, beat Bill Slavin, draw with Jack Green, beat J. Johnson, beat J. Marshall, beat J. Reagan, beat J. McDevett, beaten by Fred Woods, beat Frank Moore. Butler has handled several good fighters, among others being J. P. Loughlin, Tom Lees, Andy Bowen, Con Coughlin, Charley McCarthy, W. Ahearn, Jim Daley, Walter Edgerton, the Kentucky Rosebud, and the Coffee Cooler, whom he is now training at Nottingham.

WILLIAM CURLEY.

Champion 7st 12lb Pugilist of the North.

(With Portrait.)

WILLIAM CURLEY, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, is recognised as the champion 7st 12lb pugilist of the North. He was born in 1876, and is therefore but eighteen years of age. Curley took to boxing two years ago, appearing as a contestant in a 7st 7lb competition, which he won. Since then he has defeated W. Kirton, of Newcastle, in seven rounds; T. Kelly, of Newcastle, one and a half rounds; L. Curtis, of Gateshead, six rounds; Tom Sexton, of London, six rounds; won an 8st competition, scaling but 7st 4lb; beat Sparrow, of Glasgow, three rounds; fought a draw with T. Murphy, of Newcastle, eight rounds. His last battle was against Fred Sullivan, of London, whom he defeated at Newcastle in four rounds. It may be said that in all his battles, excepting the one with Sullivan, Curley has conceded weight to those whom he has met. He is a clever lad, a hard hitter, and is of a quiet and unassuming disposition, being very popular with all sportsmen in the North country.

MR. HORACE LIVERMORE.

One of the Proprietors of the Famous Court Minstrels now Touring the Country.

(With Portrait.)

ONE of the best known touring companies is that of Messrs. Livermore Brothers' Court Minstrels, one of the proprietors of which is Mr. Horace Livermore. The subject of this notice was born in London, and is thirty-eight years of age. He started in the profession at the age of seven, and with his three little brothers toured as the Juvenile Negro Comedians. The Court Minstrels have been in existence upwards of twenty years, and is the most popular Christy Minstrel and variety combination in the country. The company have just concluded a most successful Continental tour, and they have been enthusiastically received in all the great cities and towns alike. They had the honour of appearing before their Royal Highnesses the King and Queen of the Belgians at Brussels on July 20 of this year, and are now packing Curzon Hall, Birmingham, nightly. Mr. Horace Livermore, in conjunction with his brother, Mr. Lechmere C. J. Livermore, also "run" several big variety halls in the North country, and are looked upon as two of the most successful amusement caterers in the world.

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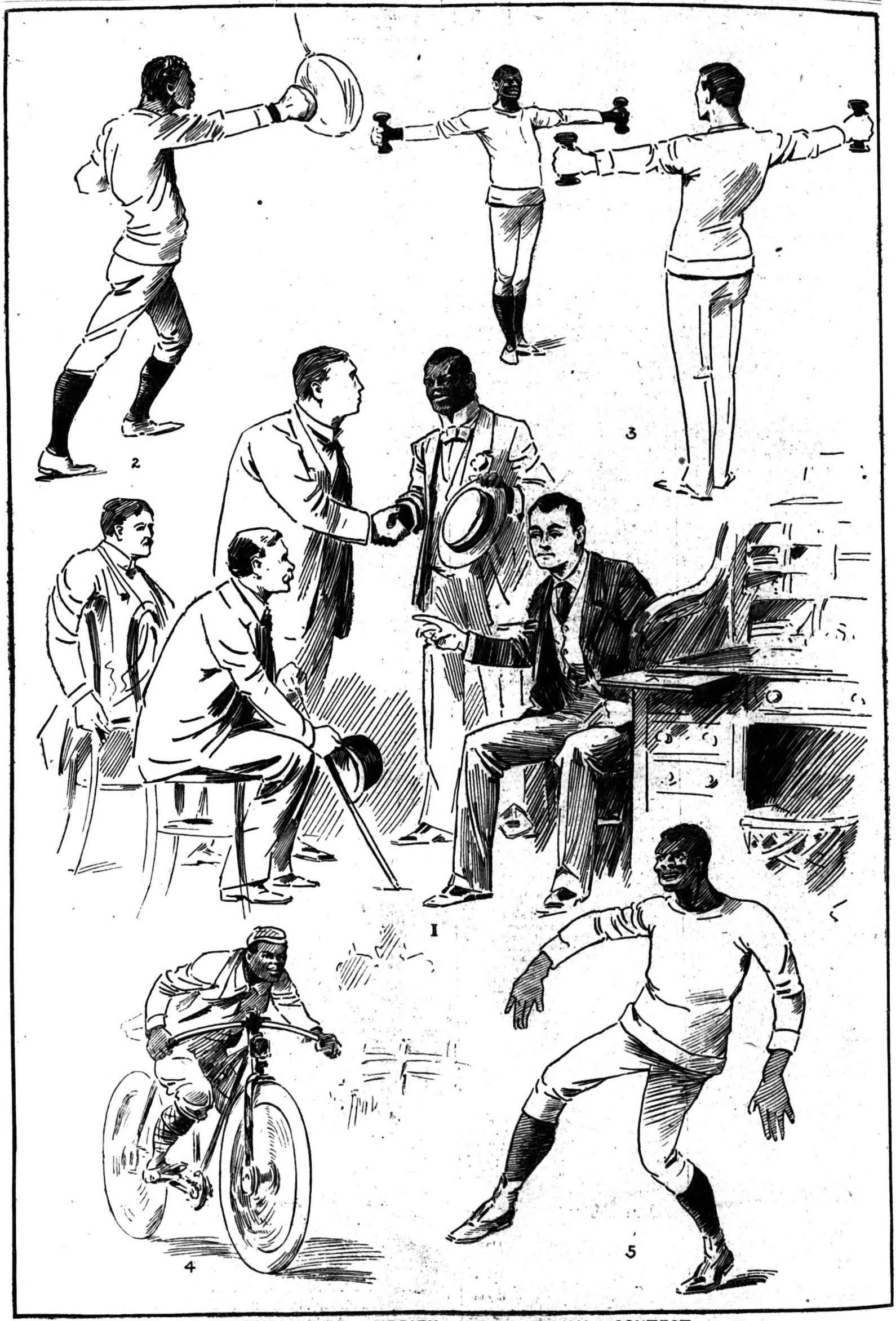

THE CRAIG—O'BRIEN INTERNATIONAL CONTEST.

1.—Craig and O'Brien meet at "The Mirror of Life" Office to make the Match. 2.—Craig Punching the Ball. 3.—Trainer Butler putting Craig through a Dumb-Bell Exercise. 4.—Craig Riding a Bicycle. 5.—Craig does a Wing Dance to improve his Wind.

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